No. 02090

S L A P S H O T

Final Draft Screenplay

and

An Original Screenplay

by

NANCY DOWD

— PLEASE NOTE —

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, AND IS INTENDED SOLELY FOR USE BY STUDIO PERSONNEL. DISTRIBUTION TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS IS PROHIBITED.

SLAP SHOT

FADE IN

A-1 INT. CHARLESTOWN TELEVISION STATION - DAY A-1

Denis LeMieux, 20, a short squat French Canadian is staring rigidly before a single television camera. He is wearing street shoes and a Charlestown Chiefs hockey jersey over a polyester suit. He looks ridiculous.

Next to him, also facing the camera, is "The Voice of The Friendly City." Jim Carr is forty and wears a cheap toupee; he announces every event in Charlestown -- a provincial George Putnam.

A logo in back of the two proclaims "Jim Carr Sports Talk". (Because he hates English, Denis projects a strange aggressiveness with the language he speaks so abominably. His hands talk goalie talk -- incessantly.)

CARR
Denis, I know that some in our audience don't know the finer points of hockey. Could you tell them, for example what's icing?

DENIS
(very positive, into camera)
Icing happen when da puck come down bang before da oder guys -- nobody dere -- comme cela
(he makes a totally meaningless gesture)
-- then stop -- then start up.

CARR
I see. What is high sticking?

DENIS
High sticking happen when da guy take da stick and he go....

He makes a horrible upper cut gesture with his stick.

DENIS
You don do dat.

CARR
You don't?

CONTINUED

A-1 CONTINUED A-1

DENIS
No. Never. Never.

CARR
Why not?

DENIS
(pounding his fist)
Against da rules! You stupid when you do dat. Just some English pig wid no brain he do dat ---

CARR
(interrupting)
What is slashing?

DENIS
Like dis.

He takes his stick and hits Carr with it.

CARR
(rubbing his shin)
And there is a penalty for that....

DENIS
Yah, for trip also. Like dat.
(trip)
For hook. Like dis.
(hook)
For spear. Like dat.
(spear)
All bad. You do dat, you go to da box, two minutes by yourself, you feel shame, den you get free.

CARR
Thanks, Denis. The Chiefs are at home tonight. They face Hyannisport at the War Memorial at eight. Good seats are still available.

1 INT. WAR MEMORIAL ARENA - NIGHT 1

The War Memorial seats 4,000 people, also known as fans. On this Friday night, some two hundred of them (a miserably small crowd) have turned out to see the Charlestown Chiefs take on the Hyannisport Presidents.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED 1

Above the seating area in the goal end of the arena, an aging electric fan in a puke green cage begins to whirl. Its vibrations are directed squarely at an American flag which has seen better days. As a scratchy, poorly amplified recording of "The Star Spangled Banner" stomps out over the crowd, the American flag unfurls perfectly straight in a patriotic hard-on.

The fans are working people, millworkers. On the walls around the arena are signs paid for by the Chiefs' patrons -- a leaning Tower of Pisa admonishing you to "Next Time Use Sheeseley Concrete," several advertisements for rust-proofing, "Eat at Brownie's Cafe," a league position list showing the Chiefs in an undistinguished fifth. Beneath a banner reading (X) "Chiefs Booster Club" sit two eight-year-olds trying to make a cherry bomb and absolutely no one else. The War Memorial is old and tacky.

CHIEFS' ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
(miserable sound quality)
At center tonight for the Chiefs, number four, Player-Coach, Reg Dunlop.

A slightly greying muscular man in his early forties skates to center ice. The scars at the edges of his mouth and eyes make him look as if he is constantly smiling. There is a kind of arrested boyishness about his good looks and an anticipation in his expression that make him instantly appealing.

FAN
Dunlop, you stink.

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
At left wing, Ned Braden.

Ned Braden, 23, 6'4", skates to his position with an irritatingly casual stride. He is chewing gum. His blond curly hair wreathes an almost Asian face -- impassive, half-closed eyes, a mouth which curves down. His head moves from side to side as he skates, surveying the scene like a mechanical man in a fun house. He gazes up at the fans as if he were staring at a cage filled with slightly disgusting worms.

FAN
I hate you, Braden.

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
At right wing, Jean-Guy Drouin.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED - 2 1

FAN
Drouin frog pussy.

As the black-and-white striped Referee gets ready for the drop, Reggie eyes his opponent, Presidents' Center Nick another toothless, grizzled veteran.

REGGIE
How's it been, Nick?

BROPHY
(incredulous)
I'm drunk.

REGGIE
Nah.

BROPHY
Reg, I'm not bullshittin' ya. I got stinkin' shitface on the bus. Louise walked out on me and that s.o.b. --
(gesturing over to his coach)
-- plays me. He knows I'm shitface.

REGGIE
Jeez, Nick, I'm sorry.

BROPHY
Anybody throws me on the boards, I'm gonna piss all over myself.

The Referee drops the puck between the two ostensibly deadly opponents; a cheer goes up from the crowd as Reggie and Brophy scramble madly for the puck.

2 INT. PRESS BOX - WAR MEMORIAL - NIGHT 2

Jim Carr is giving a play-by-play account of the action. (X) A tell-tale tangle of candy wrappers sits by the microphone. Next to him, hunched over a typewriter, is Dickie Dunn, 35, a little Irish ferret, tense, taut, agonized. He is the sportswriter for the Charlestown Republican Times Herald, and a chain smoker.

CARR (X)
It's hard to tell but I think that maybe an icing call on the Presidents.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED 2

CARR (Cont'd)
Uh...10:48 left in the first period, with Charlestown trailing three-nothing.

Dickie, plainly disgusted with patent ineptitude, looks up from his typewriter and elbows Carr -- pointing to the electric scoreboard.

CARR
Whoops, correction, folks. That's two-nothing. Wouldn't want to make it any worse for the Chiefs than it already is. With us tonight in the press box is injured Chiefs' defense-man, Dave Carlson. Is it tough to be looking on seeing your team lose, Dave?

CARLSON
Definitely, Jim.

Carlson is 20, a nervous, muscular, scarred-up young Canadian. He is wearing a Saturday night suit.

CARR
You injured your knee in the Peterboro game?

CARLSON
No.

CARR
Oh. I thought you had.

A pained expression comes over Dickie's face.

CARLSON
I have a cold. You know, runny nose, sore throat. I went out to start the car in that last storm there without my jacket on. I think it may have settled in my kidneys.

3 INT. ARENA 3

Reggie passes to Drouin who immediately loses the puck. Braden recovers. He and Reggie are easily the most competent of the Chiefs' forwards. Braden is a determined, powerful skater.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED 3

When a teammate makes a mistake, his face registers resigned disgust. Consequently, he gets to use this expression often. Braden never seems excited. Even throwing a mean check, he maintains the half-closed eyes, the gum-chewing, the slowly-moving head. He fakes out two of the Presidents and scores unassisted.

FAN
That's what you're paid for, Braden. Let's win this one, you idiots.

As Braden skates toward the bench, he glances almost imperceptibly toward a beautiful young woman (Lily Braden, his wife) sitting very much alone in Section Three.

4 INT. ARENA STANDS 4

In Section Two are the remainder of the Chiefs' wives, eight of them, distinguishable from the women of Charlestown by the fact that they are totally ignoring the game to talk to one another.

CLAUDIA
(intense to Shirley) (X)
I thought I'd get Jerry one of those great ideas of the world sets. You know you can look up the ideas alphabetically -- art, mechanics, philosophy ---

SHIRLEY (X)
Yeah. Johnny always says, you can just screw so much and drink so much.

Up at the top of the stands is a little door, marked G.M. in big red letters. Standing in the doorway, biting his lip as be surveys the game is a sawed-off, beady-eyed little old man in a fur hat and too short pants -- Joe McGrath, the Chiefs' general manager. The phone in his office rings and he steps inside to answer it, closing the door behind him.

5 INT. ARENA 5

Reggie's line is over the boards and on the bench.

REGGIE
Way to go, Ned.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED 5

He jabs his elbow into Braden's side and ruffles his hair. Grunts and groans of approbation from the Chiefs on the bench.

BRADEN
We're still losing. (X)

REGGIE
(perfunctorily)
C'mon, guys, let's tie these bastards.

But, on the ice, the Chiefs' second line is fucking up. They can't get it together. Consequently, the beleaguered Chiefs' goalie, Denis LeMieux, is making save after save. The Chiefs' (X) defense with the exception of Denis is a shambles. Short and small, bizarre in his fiberglass mask, Denis is super-star material, and the small crowd cheers him begrudgingly as he makes glove saves, shin pad saves, stick saves, body saves.

REGGIE
Brophy.

AHERN
Yah?

REGGIE
He's plastered.

AHERN
Nah.

In the b.g. are the boos and the grotesque sounds of body checks. Neither Ahern nor Reggie are paying any attention.

REGGIE
Yah. Told me so. Tough guy, too. Grew up with him.
(as if the line were original)
If anybody throws him on the boards, he'll piss all over himself.

The line gets a laugh from everybody on the bench except Braden, who is blowing a bubble the size of his head, and Drouin, the French-Canadian, who is blank. Reggie evidently enjoys cultivating the image of himself as happy-go-lucky, hang-loose, good-guy player coach (that image is more important than the wins).

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED - 2 5

UPTON
Piss all over himself. That's a good one, Reg.

Ahern, the worried man, attempts to translate for Drouin.

AHERN
Faire pipi. Get it?

DROUIN
No. No. Okay.

AHERN
Oh, for God's sake.

Reggie's line is on. Near the Presidents' goal Brophy is stunned, embarrassed, a little horrified. Braden throws Brophy a mean check.

BRADEN
(quickly to Brophy)
Get off the ice, Nick. You'll kill yourself.

On the bench, the Chiefs are howling with laughter at their private joke, as Brophy departs for the locker room.

Reggie gives Braden an apprasing look.

REGGIE
Heart of gold, Braden.

The Ref drops the puck. Reggie gets it and the madness is on again.

5-A INT. MC GRATH'S LITTLE OFFICE 5-A

The boos of the crowd are heard outside as the Chiefs fuck up again. McGrath is on the phone, a hand cupped over one ear.

MC GRATH
No, no, I can personally guarantee that the fellas will be there. Oh, it'll be a lot of fun. It's the best publicity in the world. They're out there giving their all right now but they'll be ready ---

CONTINUED

5-A CONTINUED 5-A

FAN.(o.s.)
(screaming)
Wake up, you fat heads.

6 OMITTED 6

7 INT. RUNWAY - HAUCK'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY 7

A red-carpeted runway is stretching through the men's department. Over it a banner -- FASHION IDEAS FOR THE MAN IN YOUR LIFE. A recording of Silent Night is playing in the b.g. An Announcer, not practiced in her craft, is reading in a halting monotone, as Joe McGrath hurries by on his way to the dressing rooms.

ANNOUNCER
Ensemble Number Thirty-two, entitled 'Omar Sharif,' and modeled by Chiefs' defenseman Billy Charlebois who hails from -- if I can read the card here -- Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

Billy Charlebois, the Chiefs' angel-faced blond bombshell whose chest forms a perfect "v," has begun to slink down the runway lined with slightly demented housewives. He is so self-conscious and nervous that he has broken out in hives. He is trying to walk quickly to get it all over with, but the four-inch platform shoes are a size too large and he's tripping.

ANNOUNCER
Notice the padded shoulders giving Billy the Forties' look ---

8 INT. DRESSING ROOMS - HAUCK'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY 8

A fashion coordinator with pins in his mouth is attempting to adjust the hem of Johnny Upton's plaid dressing gown. Upton is wearing silk pajamas beneath the dressing gown. Jimmy Ahern bolts into the little cubicle. He is sporting a black fur coat (the quality resembles bathroom shag) over a painfully checked suit. McGrath pokes his head in the room and Ahern sees him.

AHERN
I'm not goin' out there, man. They're gonna laugh at me. I look like some cocksuckin' faggot in this thing.

The coordinator giggles.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED 8

AHERN
I don't care, man. I mean, enough is enough, Joe. Nowhere in my contract does it say I gotta make a fool of myself. Eh? Am I right?

Suddenly panicked, McGrath goes off onto one of his nervous White Rabbit snits.

MC GRATH
Where's Reg? Where's Braden? Have they left?

He goes towards a pay phone. Upton sticks his head out of another dressing room.

UPTON
I'm going to flash 'em, Joe.

McGrath looks at his watch.

UPTON
I'm gonna walk down that stinkin' aisle and I'm gonna open this faggot bathrobe and wiggle my dick at 'em.

MC GRATH
You are not.

UPTON
Yes, I am, Joe, because I want you to have a heart attack and die so that we never have to do this again. You and your fuckin' fashion show.

MC GRATH
As Eddie Shore used to say, 'publicity.' You fellas aren't drawing them in the way you have in the past.

UPTON
I'm gonna wiggle it, you cheap bastard. I'm telling ya. You better be prepared cuz when I yank it out, everybody in that audience with the exception of my wife is gonna be running for the exits.

He walks out of the dressing room and Billy Charlebois comes in, gives McGrath a dirty look and goes into a dressing room.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED - 2 8

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)
And here is Chiefs' defenseman Johnny Upton modeling number eight, 'Cary Grant,' keep in mind that a perfect accessory for the man in your life is a season ticket to the Chiefs' games.

MC GRATH
(on the phone)
Just checking on Dunlop and Braden. Are they there?

In the b.g. there are sudden high-pitched women's screams. McGrath freezes.

9 and 9-A OMITTED 9 and 9-A

10 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - DAY 10

CARR
We have two generations of hockey with us this afternoon for you folks to call in and talk to. Player-Coach Reg Dunlop and Left Wing Ned Braden. Reg, I guess you represent the old guard, up through the ranks. One of the iron men of federal league. You've been a pro now for how many years?

REGGIE
(hedging)
Oh -- quite a few.

CARR
And on the other side of the scale, Ned Braden who's a college graduate as well as an American citizen. You went to Princeton, Ned?

BRADEN
That's what it said in the brochure.

CARR
Our lines are open. Anything you folks want to know about the fascinating world of pro hockey.. Here we go....

A light goes on by the phone.

10 CONTINUED 10

CARR
(picking up phone)
Hi there, this is Jim Carr. What's your question?

AMPLIFIED VOICE (FEMALE)
Hey, Dunlop, you old fart, why don't you get out of the game and let someone who....

Carr's face falls. He cuts the line and begins to grope for a record.

CARR
We're going to spin some music while we're waiting for our second caller.

BRADEN
(calm, articulate)
Jim, I'd just like to say that I hope the listeners will come down to the games, bring the kids, too. The excitement of watching live hockey right in the arena is unbeatable and we players always appreciate the support from the fans.

Having finished with the hypocrisy, Braden gives the mike the finger.

REGGIE
(recouping)
I'd like to second that, Jim.
(gives the mike a double goose)

CARR
Well said, guys.

The call light goes on again.

CARR
(a dub break)
We'd like to ask you ladies and gentlemen to keep the calls, well, within the boundaries of good taste.

11 EXT. CHARLESTOWN - GREYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY 11

Reggie, in a belted leather coat, and Ned, in a puffy down parka, are walking quickly across central Charlestown, past the mammoth Steel Mill. Red hot ingots on conveyor belts are visible just a few feet away beyond the iron fence. It is feezing cold and the steam and smoke from the plant are terrific.

Walking toward the two hockey players (emerging from the bars along Greywood Boulevard) are hundreds of men in groups of twos and threes, carrying brown bags and lunch pails. Millworkers on their way to the three-to-eleven shift. Braden takes no visible notice of them but occasionally one of the workers will greet Reggie by name.

REGGIE
Jesus, what kind of broad would call in and say something like that. They're supposed to be our fucking fans. Just because we're losing ---

BRADEN
Who cares? It's over. The fuckin' old man and his shitty PR schemes. I hate that cheap s.o.b.

In a tavern doorway across the street, two men are slugging it out in a grotesque fist-fight. Braden glances at a large group of millworkers emerging from the bar.

BRADEN
What are these poor fuckers going to do when they close the mill?

REGGIE (X)
Ned, they're not going to close the mill. They're just jackin' the guys around to make them grateful they've got jobs. An old tactic -- the mind-fuck. (X)

BRADEN
Announced it this morning. April One -- they shut it tight.

REGGIE
(taken aback)
Yah?
(recouping)
Big surprise, eh?

BRADEN
Ten thousand millworkers have been placed on waivers.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED 11

This figure would seem to be correct as the parade of mill-workers-cum-lunch-pails seems endless. The plant whistle is shrieking in the b.g.

REGGIE
What are they gonna do with them?

BRADEN
Every sucker for himself.

REGGIE
Yeah? Well, if this tub of shit town falls apart, so do we. Huh? (X)

A young woman going into one of the taverns on the other side of the street waves a c'mon wave to Braden. He nods at her -- noncommittal and keeps on walking.

REGGIE
Who's that?

BRADEN
She's slipped my mind.

REGGIE
(looking past Braden)
Maybe your wife remembers her.

A VW van screeches to a slushy halt beside Reggie and Ned. At the wheel is Lily Braden, 22. She is dressed somewhat like the millworkers who are scuffling past her car -- blue jeans and lumberman's jacket. The only surprise in her conventionally lovely WASP face is the splash of freckles on her nose.

12 INT. BRADEN VW BUS - MAIN STREET - DAY 12

Ned is sitting in the back of the van. He is talking to a huge St. Bernard. Reggie is in front in the suicide seat and Lily is driving along the icy road at maniac speed.

BRADEN
(goo-goo dog talk)
Oh what a beautiful St. Bernard dog you are, Ruby. You wanta yummy? (X)

Reggie is disgusted.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED 12

REGGIE
(to Lily)
You getting to like it here?

LILY
No. I hate it here.

She makes an illegal turn that has Reggie holding onto the dashboard for his life.

BRADEN
(to Lily)
Did you feed the dog?

LILY
(to Reggie)
I'm cracking up. You know what I mean?

Reggie is watching the road -- panicked; Lily isn't.

REGGIE
You don't look bad.

LILY
(to Reggie)
I can't figure it out. I'm slipping fast.

Braden is whispering something in the dog's ear.

REGGIE
(to Lily)
You look fine.

13 INT. MC GRATH'S OFFICE - WAR MEMORIAL - DAY 13

MC GRATH
(on phone)
Well, I'd like to cancel the order.

He stops short. Reggie, a man with something on his mind, has entered Joe McGrath's office -- a cubicle filled with cigar smoke, adding machine discharge, and pictures of the old days -- old teams, old buddies, old trophies. The fact that McGrath is talking on the phone does not deter Reggie.

REGGIE
Joe, what happens to us when the mill closes?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED 13

MC GRATH
Hold on a minute.
(cups hand over phone)
Don't worry about it. Here, they're coming in on the 4:15 bus. (X)
(hands Reggie a note)

REGGIE
Yeah, but if the mill...
(breaks off, staring at note)
Who the hell are these guys? I never heard of them.

MC GRATH
Just pick 'em up and take 'em over to the hotel.

REGGIE
(angry)
I've done enough shit work for one day. Those fuckin' fans were callin' in with the dirty talk. There's nothing in my contract says I have to ---

MC GRATH
(holding up a quarter)
Used to be a nickel.
(a beat)
You're gettin' along there, Reg. As Eddie Shore used to say, 'Those golden years are behind you.' One season, maybe two, you'll be hanging up the blades, retiring the axe. Then you'll remember it was Joe McGrath trained you for the front office. (X)

Reggie storms out of the office. McGrath goes back to his conversation.

MC GRATH
(nervous, on phone)
We may not be needing the order, Jerry. In fact, I've got some equipment I'd like to sell -- a skate sharpener, a massage table, the Jacuzzi, our bus ---

14 INT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - PASSENGER PLATFORM - EVENING 14

Reggie is pacing around.

Three young men in their late teens, look-alikes with huge Afro-cut blonde hair, six eyes bulging behind three pairs of heavy black-rimmed glasses are attacking a Coke machine. Each is chewing gum. Each is wearing jeans and a cheap blue wind-breaker. Reggie shudders.

REGGIE
You the Hansens?

STEVE
Fucking machine took my quarter!

JACK
Who you?

REGGIE
Reg Dunlop. Coach. Get your friggin' gear. Let's get out of here.

JACK
Jeff, Steve. Get your gear. Let's get out of here.

STEVE
I want a soda.

Their luggage, like everything else about them, looks crummy. Boxes tied with string. Beat-up old duffels.

REGGIE
That's all you got?

STEVE
It took my quarter.

REGGIE
Fuck the quarter. C'mon.

Steve socks the machine with his bare fist. The quarter is returned.

15 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR 15

They come down the corridor to the hotel room losing Steve at the Coke machine. Reggie opens the door.

REGGIE
You triplets or something?

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED 15

JACK
Nah. I'm in the middle. Steve's twenty. Jeff's eighteen.

REGGIE
Where you from?

JACK
Iron League.

REGGIE
Iron League, eh. Lotta fights?

JACK
Nah.
(hollers to Steve)
I want a soda. (X)

They enter the room.

16 INT. HOTEL ROOM 16

Jack jerks open a suitcase which spills out an immense array of toy cars and some tracks. Reggie stares in disbelief.

REGGIE
Look, we pay for you here for a week, then you're on your own. So start lookin' for a place when we get back. Tomorrow we go on the road. Bus leaves at eight a.m. from the Memorial.

JACK
(back to Steve)
Gimme a grape and a root beer! (X)
None of that stinkin' orange!

17 OMITTED 17

17-A INT. WAR MEMORIAL ENTRY - DAY 17-A

Beneath a huge picture of Jacky St. Pierre (1945-1972), Reggie has caught up with McGrath who is leaving the rink for the evening, a ledger under one arm.

REGGIE
(shouting)
You cheap s.o.b. Are you crazy? Those guys are retards.

CONTINUED

17-A CONTINUED 17-A

MC GRATH
I got a good deal on those boys. Scout said they showed a lot of promise.

REGGIE
They brought their fuckin' toys with them.

MC GRATH
I'd rather have them playing with toys than playing with themselves.

REGGIE
They're too dumb to play with themselves. Every fuckin' piece of garbage that comes up for sale and you buy it.

MC GRATH
(musing)
Playing with themselves. Christ, that reminds me. I'm coaching in Omaha. It's nineteen-forty-eight and Eddie Shore sends me this guy who's a terrible masturbator -- what was his name -- just awful -- couldn't control himself. He would get deliberate penalties so that he could get into that penalty box all by himself and damned if he wouldn't --- (X)

Reggie has walked away in disgust.

18 INT. HENDLER LOUNGE - NIGHT 18

The Hendler, a Chiefs' hangout, is a very lounge-dark red. Reggie and Denis are hunched over beers at the bar with sportswriter Dickie Dunn.

Al Boroff is sitting with his arm around his wife, Pam, looking proprietary and content. Braden and Lily have a corner table to themselves. Ahern Carlson and Drouin (bachelors) are at the pinball machine. (X)

Lily is swigging from a hip flask.

LILY
(earnest)
I just don't see the point.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED 18

BRADEN
Me neither. I think the point is a mystery.

LILY
My father would give you a job or your father would give you a job....

BRADEN
(sarcastic)
I'm all for that. I think it's always good to have a choice.

LILY
You hate it here, too. You told me so.

BRADEN
It's what I'm good at. (X)

LILY
Ned, we just made a mistake, that's all. We don't have to stick to it. We can quit.

BRADEN
You're stomping on the game I love. (X)

LILY
I'm not kidding.

BRADEN
You're never kidding. In fact, I think that's the point right there. You're never kidding. Do I get a hundred?

LILY
I just want to get out of this town.

She takes another drink. He pushes the car keys toward her.

BRADEN
Then you take the van and I'll keep the dog.

On the verge of tears, Lily gets up from the table and starts for the door. Reggie and Denis are watching her.

REGGIE
(to Denis)
What's wrong with her?

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED - 2 18

DENIS
Nothing. She is so beautiful.

LILY
(shouting back at Braden)
You're bullshit. You're really bullshit.

BRADEN
(calm)
You're drunk.

REGGIE
(shouting to Lily)
You're right; he's bullshit.

LILY
(turning on Reggie as he runs out the door)
Yeah? Well, he and I are the only decent items in here.

REGGIE
You know a broad like that -- just beside herself -- you know what I mean? Why should she give a shit what people think of her? She's scrapping. Huh?

A local in his cups is trying to horn in on Reggie's conversation.

LOCAL
You guys gotta stop losing. Get that power play together, Reg.

REGGIE
(perfunctorily)
Yah, we're working on it.

Reggie turns his back on the boor to continue speaking with Denis.

REGGIE
Is he being nice to her? I mean -- ah ---

18 CONTINUED - 3 18

DENIS
He love her. He tell me, 'I love her.'

A buxom, dark-haired Woman in her early thirties (the kind of woman in whose smile other women can recognize extreme resourcefulness) has entered the bar with a friend whom she upstages tremendously. She has on a red dress.

REGGIE
(whispering to Denis)
Jesus Christ, maybe Braden is a faggot. Did you ever think of that?

DENIS
You crazy. Big cock. Like a horse.

REGGIE
Hey, she's not happy.

DENIS
No, she beautiful.

REGGIE
Do you think that the woman in the red dress will go home with me?

DENIS
No, she not your type.

REGGIE
How much?

DENIS
Five dollar she don't even look at your face.

Reggie gets up, slams a quarter into the jukebox and, as it sends out a good ole boy's lament, he laughingly pulls the woman onto the dance floor. Denis is watching his teammate in amazement -- impressed at Reggie's quick score. Francine kisses Reggie on the cheek and laughs.

REGGIE
You look terrific, Francine.

FRANCINE
That's right.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED - 4 18

REGGIE
In fact, you're looking better and better.

FRANCINE
Think about it.

Every man in the Hendler is watching Reggie and Francine dance. Reggie gives Denis the high sign. He's won the bet. As Denis shakes his head in defeat, Dickie Dunn leans over to him.

DICKIE
That's his wife.

19 INT. FRANCINE'S LIVING ROOM 19

neat, plastic.

Reggie, leather coat still on, is shifting the weight on his feet a little uncomfortably. Francine has settled onto her couch, sipping a good strong drink. Francine is no rookie; she knows how to stretch out.

REGGIE
How's your money holding out?

FRANCINE
There's a beer in the fridge if you want one.

He goes for it.

REGGIE
(calling from the kitchen)
That a new dress?

FRANCINE
Sort of.

REGGIE
Looks good.
(a beat)
Sort of tight.

FRANCINE
Maybe I'm putting on a little weight.

He is trying to catch her eye to see what's there.

CONTINUED

) CONTINUED 19

REGGIE
(cagey)
I dunno. Looks better tight.

FRANCINE
Maybe.

REGGIE
This is the first time you wore that dress?

She knows what he's getting at and she's not about to cop to anything.

REGGIE
(trying to be casual)
You been going out? Getting around?

She doesn't answer.

REGGIE
(smiling)
Seeing somebody? Wearing your new dress? Making out?

It is one of those moments when you remember how beautiful someone is. Francine pulls back a curtain. It is snowing out.

FRANCINE
That's none of your business any more.

REGGIE
I still think about you, Francine. You know nothing's ever over. If I wasn't so busy I'd come by more.
(excusing himself)
I was gonna stop by the other day, see if you wanted to go out to the Aces.
(a beat)
I dunno. Something came up. You need any dough?

FRANCINE
(without malice)
Save your money, Reggie. You're gonna need it.

REGGIE
(mock horror)
Me?

19 CONTINUED - 2 19

FRANCINE
The minute they close the mill, the Chiefs are gonna fold.

REGGIE
Bullshit.

Francine is watching him, remembering all the old self-deception.

FRANCINE
These people are gonna be broke. They're not going to be going to any hockey games. And you're not getting any younger. You gotta ---

REGGIE
I got no worries, baby. I can always coach. I have experience as a coach and I ---

FRANCINE
You're no good at it.

REGGIE
(taken aback)
Francine, every player on that team thinks I'm the greatest.

FRANCINE
You can't make 'em win. You're a losing coach.
(a beat)
I was thinking about you the other day and I was trying to imagine you when you were through with hockey and I couldn't. There was nobody there. What are you going to do? (X)

REGGIE
(trying to keep it light)
I'm gonna come back to you.

FRANCINE
(smiling)
Too little too late.

Reggie kisses her forehead, pinches her ass and hurries out.

EXT. FRANCINE'S ROW HOUSE - NIGHT 20

There is a patch of ice between Reggie and the sidewalk. Knowing that Francine is watching him from the window, he laughs and sails across it.

21 EXT. THE BUS - WAR MEMORIAL PARKING LOT - DAWN 21

Johnny Upton is passionately kissing his wife, Shirley. Shirley is wearing a fake fur coat and lots of gold costume jewelry. Now in her early thirties, she has the male-directed style and good humor of a woman who must have been much sought after when she was younger and still available. She is clearly comfortable with her beauty and her sexuality. Shirley is leaning against a station wagon in which two young children in pajamas are dozing.

Ahern and Wanchuk are hanging out of the bus window, whistling at Upton and Shirley.

Reggie is hiking across the parking lot looking rumpled and funny. At the other end of the parking lot, Lily Braden, in a long flannel nightgown, hiking boots and a down parka is racing after Braden to hand him a twelve pack of chewing gum and a paperback book. Even in this ridiculous outfit, she is dissonantly beautiful.

LILY
Ned! Ned!

Braden turns around; the previous evening's fight is still on his mind. He's pissed off and self-righteous. Reggie is now within earshot ---

LILY
(holding out the paperback)
I underlined the fuck scenes for you.

Braden is taken aback. He puts his arms around his wife, kissing her. In the b.g. Wanchuk is whistling at them from the bus.

She is so relieved to be getting along with him again that she forgets and steps right into mid-air.

LILY
You know the minute we get out of here, we gonna be so fucking fabulous. It'll be like old times.

BRADEN
(stone cold)
You're gonna catch pneumonia.

21 CONTINUED 21 (X)

Braden turns and walks away as Reggie catches up with them.

REGGIE
(to Lily)
Hi. How are ya?

LILY
Fine.

She walks away.

REGGIE
(smiling, yelling back to Lily)
You get back in that bus cuz you're gorgeous and you're gonna catch pneumonia.

Reggie and Braden walk toward the bus.

REGGIE
(impressed)
She underlines the fuck scenes for ya?

Braden does not answer.

REGGIE
(persisting to Braden)
If she underlines the fuck scenes for ya, she must worship the ground you walk on.

BRADEN
You learn how to underline in college.

REGGIE
No you don't.
(a beat)
Braden, you gotta put out more. You know what I mean?

Braden does not like serious conversation about himself. He wants to change the subject.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2 21

BRADEN
(as they enter the bus)
Back in the iron lung. The fuckin' iron lung.

22 INT. BUS 22

The Chiefs are settling themselves into the bus as the sun is rising. The iron lung is a customized job -- double-decker bunk beds throughout half the interior and regular bus seats in the other half.

The iron lung is Ned Braden's private arena. He pulls a six-pack and a deck of cards from his pillow, plunks on his green visored poker shade and deals out hands to Reggie , Upton, Denis and Ahern. Reggie is counting heads.

UPTON
(looking out the window)
Fuckin' mother of God.

BRADEN
(following his glance)
It has finally happened.

The three Hansen brothers, in their matching black-rimmed glasses and windbreakers, lumber onto the bus clutching their coke bottles and comic books.

UPTON
They're fuckin' horrible looking.

BRADEN
A circus act.

DENIS
Ecourant.

UPTON
Ned, are you seein' what I'm seein'?

Reggie is practically shrinking in his seat, hiding behind the sports page.

BRADEN
I have found the starting line for my ALL-UGLY team.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED 22

REGGIE
I didn't buy 'em, for chrissakes. It's McGrath's doing, not mine.

Braden has started to laugh. In the back of the bus, Yvon Lebrun, the backup goalie, has begun to take off all of (X) his clothes.

UPTON
What'd the old man trade for these assholes? A used puck bag?

REGGIE
(from behind his paper)
It's a fuckin' disgrace.

The Hansens have settled in. They're hardly intimidated by being new boys. There's strength in numbers.

They're sucking on their cokes and laughing out loud at their crumb comics. They talk only to one another.

Walt Comisky, 40, overweight, tell-tale red veins radiating (X) across his nose, is revving up the bus, as Joe McGrath, carrying an Air Canada flight bag, hurries onto the bus.

REGGIE
(seeing McGrath)
Oh shit.

AHERN
(worried)
Why's the fuckin' old man makin' the trip?

Braden is lumbering up to the front of the bus.

UPTON
(elbowing Reggie)
Watch Braden, Reg. He's gonna do something.

Braden, knowing full well he's got an audience, does a slow pan over the three Hansens and gives them the merest salute.

BRADEN
You guys brothers?

Upton, ten seats back, is laughing hysterically at Braden's line.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2 22

UPTON
'You guys brothers?' Oh, Jesus. What a life!

Walt ceremoniously hands Braden a little piece of paper. (X)

BRADEN
Thanks, Walt. Bets on the trip, men! Our driver has just entrusted me with our ETA Utica. A sealed bid. Now I am ready to take estimates from the membership. And keep in mind that Walt is a leading contender for the outdoor record Charlestown-Utica. (X)

UPTON
Ten dollars says it's eight hours and forty-five minutes.

DENIS
(emphatically)
Seven hour and one-half.

AHERN
(always serious, the worried man)
Now this doesn't include dinner and piss stops, eh, Ned.

WALT
No. No. Everything's included. (X)

Braden gives him a look of mock horror. While this is going on, Reggie is reading from a newspaper to Ahern who is not listening.

REGGIE
'Under Player-Coach Reg Dunlop's direction, hockey in Charlestown can be a sport of extravagant beauty. To see three Chiefs make a scoring rush, the bright colors of their jerseys flashing against the milky ice, is to see a work of art in motion.' I mean, now that's really good writing. Jesus Christ, you gotta hand it to Dickie, eh?

Ahern is not paying attention. He is worriedly staring at the back of McGrath's head, trying to force his weary brain to make a connection.

CONTINUED

? CONTINUED - 3 22

AHERN
(mumbling)
What's the fuckin' old man doin' on the trip?

The snowy Pennsylvania mine country is rolling by outside.

Reggie continues to read.

23 INT. THE BUS - DAY 23 (X) (X)

As the Iron Lung rumbles along the highways of the industrial northeast, most of the Chiefs have sacked out -- with the exception of stark naked Yvon Lebrun, who is pacing back and forth, smoking a pipe; Marsh, who is sitting sucking on a beer and staring straight ahead; and the diehards -- Reggie, Denis, Braden, Upton and Ahern, who are still into their card game. Braden is wired, wide awake. He gets off on bus rides. Everybody else is beginning to drag a little. A huge pyramid of beer cans sits in the aisle. Walt is humming along to "A Little Bit South of Saskatoon" on the radio.

DENIS
(throwing down his hand)
I lose my blouse.

AHERN
(irritated)
Shirt.

BRADEN
(tallying)
Denis, mon ami, you owe me five thousand dollars, but if you sign your contract over to me, I'll pro-rate your losses.

REGGIE
Jesus Christ, Braden, you probably would.

BRADEN
(smiling)
Life is rough, Reg. The ups, the downs. The wins, the losses. The rich, the poor. My ambition is to play the owner of this stinkin' club and win the team!

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED 23

BRADEN (Cont'd)
Run it my way. Compulsory fashion shows every afternoon. Radiothons twice a week.

REGGIE
(laughing)
Seventy-nine cent sticks.

UPTON
No showers.

AHERN
(worried and puzzled)
Who owns the club?

No one answers right away.

REGGIE
A corporation owns it. Who cares? You get your check, don't you?

BRADEN
That's the spirit, Reg. That's it. Who's in? (X)

Reggie doesn't mean a word of it. He is being cool because the anxiety alarm has finally rung in his head.

The Hansens are sleeping like babies at the front of the bus and McGrath is nodded out over a hardback copy of "Fear Strikes Out". Reggie stares at him.

24 INT. UTICA LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 24

The Utica locker room would never win any prizes.

REGGIE
(on edge)
This is the shittiest rink in the fuckin' league. The ice is a goddamn disgrace.

The Chiefs are dressing for a game. A roomful of human armadillos. Young, muscular, scarred bodies. Older, muscular, scarred bodies. Equipment, uniforms all over the place. Belching. Whistling. Noisy and chaotic. Braden is staring critically at a television set blaring out a Three Stooges episode.

A twelve-year-old boy, his arms loaded with two dozen hockey sticks has come tottering into the locker room.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED 24

Upton has gotten hold of a Utica program and he is scanning the lineup with interest.

UPTON
(looking at the program)
Oh boy!

Ahern is examining the jersey which the Chiefs' trainer, dumb Charlie Kischel, 20, has handed him.

AHERN
(concerned)
You ought to put some fuckin' Downy in these jerseys, Charlie.

UPTON
(serious)
We're in trouble.

Braden looks over Upton's shoulder at the program and begins to laugh.

BRADEN
He's here! Oh no!

UPTON
(with dread)
Ogilthorpe.

REGGIE
(with authority)
Ogie Ogilthorpe.

AHERN
(worried)
Who?

BRADEN
You don't know Ogilthorpe?

DENIS
(mispronouncing a despised word)
Ogilthorpe.

AHERN
Ogilthorpe?

REGGIE
I believe that for the sake of the game, they should just put the fucking guy in San Quentin.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED - 2 24

REGGIE (Cont'd)
He's a criminal element. In fact, he would kill.

AHERN
(worried)
Yah?

REGGIE
The worst goon in hockey today. Watch out for him. Blond. Afro. Twenty-one, twenty-two. (X)

STICK BOY
He's not playing. He's suspended.

UPTON
(relieved)
We lucked out there, eh? I'm tellin' ya, Jimmy.

Charlie Kischel, the trainer, is opening up a medicine bag which contains one large bottle of pills marked "PAIN" and another marked "SHITS". Ahern is putting on his jersey.

AHERN
(to Charlie)
Downy makes them softer.

REGGIE
Okay, guys, fifteen minutes.

BRADEN
Tape! (X)

McGrath, in his little cossack hat and his suit, topcoat, bow-tie and too short pants, has entered the locker room. He is puffing on a cheap cigar. Reggie sees him.

MC GRATH
(loudly in Reggie's direction)
Good crowd out there tonight. We're gonna really try to win this one, eh, boys?

Braden has taken his customary seat next to Reggie.

BRADEN
You gotta hand it to the old bastard -- he's original.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED - 3 24

McGrath goes off to the trainer's room. Reggie watches him.

AHERN
(worried)
That man traveled fifteen hours by bus to say that.

BRADEN
(shrieking)
Tape! Where the hell's Charley? (X)

Reggie gets up to fetch his jersey. The three Hansens have chosen to dress near the soda machine. Steve Hansen is concentratedly taping little jagged edges of aluminum foil to the holes in the golf glove on his left hand. He looks up to see Reggie staring at him and smiles a pleasant smile.

REGGIE
(to the Hansens)
What are you doing?

STEVE
(cheerful)
Putting on the foil!

JEFF
(waving a foil covered fist)
Every game!

JACK
Want some?

REGGIE
Jesus fucking christ.

Braden, mumbling about having to fetch his own tape, (X) is limping, one skate on, into the trainer's room. Reggie elbows him with a "get a load of this" gesture -- pointing to the Hansens and their tape job. Braden shakes his head.

REGGIE
(flatly)
They don't leave the bench.

25 INT. TRAINER'S ROOM 25

Braden lopes off into the trainer's room -- a cubicle filled with broken equipment. McGrath, his back to Braden, is on the pay phone in a little manager's office which gives on to the (X) trainer's room.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED 25

MC GRATH
The Chiefs are a terrific organization, but the mill is closing, and I think next year -- I'd be interested in a good front office job. That's why I made the trip. I wanted to talk to you fellas face to face.

26 INT. LOCKER ROOM 26

In the distance, the arena organ has struck up "Lady of Spain."

Reggie glances at his watch and stubs out his cigarette. Denis, watching the smoke curl out of Reggie's last pre-game fag, goes into his customary freeze -- lobotomized -- staring at the floor -- holding onto his stomach, his lips making goldfish O's. A little bit of tension has begun to creep into the room. It is very strange to see men in their late teens and early twenties checking their teeth -- uppers and lowers -- into water glasses. Braden sits down next to Reggie and begins to lace up his skates.

REGGIE
(yelling)
Play it smart out there, gang. I wanta lotta work out there. Use your neads when you're on the ice, goddamn it.

AHERN
What ya got? Dirty socks there, John?

No one is paying much attention to Reggie but he doesn't seem to care. Walt, the bus driver, is listening to a basketball (X) game on a little transistor radio. Someone belches very loudly.

REGGIE
(yelling)
You all know how to play hockey. Get smart out there guys. Goddamnit. Keep working.

JACK (X)
(yelling)
Let's get out there and pop 'em. Christ!

JEFF (X)
Fuck 'em. Christ. Get our share.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED 26

STEVE (X)
Get our share. Pop 'em. Christ.

Reggie and everyone else look over at the three in amazement.

REGGIE
We need this win, guys. We got a number of losses to make up for.

JACK (X)
That's right. That's right.

Reggie can't get over the brothers' enthusiasm. He's almost embarrassed. Braden is dosing himself with an ammonia popper.

REGGIE
Braden's line starts. Play heads up out there, gang. Goddamn, play it smart. Man for man we're fuckin' better than any other club in the league -- if we want to put our minds to it.

The Hansens now have started chorusing grunts and groans to Reggie's prep speech.

UPTON
(to Braden)
Fucking embarrassing.

Braden's ammonia popper has given him a good jolt. Now he's hitting the Di-Gel and the Tums. The organ is crescendoing into "Lady of Spain."

REGGIE
Two minutes, guys. Lotta holler. Lotta ---

They troop out of the locker room.

26-A UTICA ARENA - NIGHT 26-A

The scoreboard shows UTICA GEARS - 3 CHIEFS - 0. Braden's line (X) is coming off the ice. Ahern, Upton and Drouin are also on the bench. Reggie is frustrated.

REGGIE
Come on guys, we can get it back.

BRADEN
For what. We're history.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED 26-A

BRADEN (Cont'd)
(Reggie looks at him)
McGrath's in there trying to get himself another job. The fuckin' team is folding.

AHERN
I knew there was a reason why he came on the trip.

UPTON
Jesus Christ. The fuckin' Chrysler plant, here I come.

REGGIE
Nobody told me nothing.

BRADEN
He wasn't going to tell you. The old fucker was holding onto the news until he could scrounge up another job. Cover his wrinkled old ass.

DROUIN
Dey close da team? Son-of-da-bitch. Tabernacle.

But Reggie is off the bench making his way to the locker room under the stands.

7 UTICA LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 27

The door flys open and Reggie stomps in. McGrath is sitting on a bench, guilt written all over his wrinkled old face.

MC GRATH
This is the last season. It'll be announced tomorrow.

REGGIE
You goddamn lyin' ---

INT. REGGIE'S HOTEL ROOM - RAMADA REGAL - NIGHT 28

Twin-bedded room. Denis, in a gaudy silk kimono, is on the phone.

DENIS
Operator. I want the long distance.

Reggie, in heart-studded shorts, is opening a beer can.

29 INT. BATHROOM - REGGIE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 29

As the radio announces a four-nothing loss for the Chiefs, Reggie turns on the hot water.

30 INT. HOTEL ROOM 30

Reggie is fetching a beer.

DENIS
(on phone)
They close it. Yah. Yah. I want to echanger. Bernard, call Detroit. Tell them bullshit.

Braden, Ahern and Upton have entered the room with six-packs and cards. Braden immediately flips on the TV set.

DENIS
(to phone)
Yah, yah. Something. A minute.
(to Braden)
Ned, what it is in English, 'echanger'?

BRADEN
Trade me right fucking now.

DENIS
(to phone)
Trade me right fucking now.

BRADEN
Now hang up.

Denis hangs up looking totally confused.

The phone rings almost immediately. Denis picks up -- fully expecting it to be news of his trade. The call is not for him. He passes the phone to Reggie.

Upton is holding forth.

UPTON
What are my options? I'm too old to be traded again. One in a million -- chance.

Upton is making it difficult for Reggie to hear the person on the line. He takes the phone into the bathroom.

31 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM 31

REGGIE
(to phone)
Where are you?

CONTINUED

31 .CONTINUED 31

REGGIE (Cont'd)
(a beat)
Where's Hanrahan? (X)

The bathroom door opens. Morris Wanchuk, in a leather suit, (X)
shades, platform shoes and smoking a pipe, swaggers in and sits on the edge of the tub.

WANCHUK (X)
(suspicious)
You goin' out?

Reggie waves him away.

REGGIE
(to phone)
What are you doin' here?

WANCHUK (X)
(undeterred)
I know a good bar here. The Palm Isle. Fucked the barmaid last trip. I walked into the place. She comes up to me -- without even saying hello and just rubs up against me like this. I mean she's got her jugs right up against my suit. Nipples as hard as little rocks.

REGGIE
(disgusted, trying to listen)
Oh, for chrissakes, Mo.

Reggie takes the phone into the other room.

32 INT. HOTEL ROOM 32

Braden is shuffling and dealing. Billy Charlebois is examining his beautiful face in the mirror. In the corner Reggie is still on the phone -- one hand cupped over an ear to keep out the b.g. conversation.

REGGIE
(on phone)
Gimme the address.

UPTON
Bartender? Two bucks an hour. A lotta lousy drunks. Denis's calling his agent. I'm gonna be calling my brother-in-law at the fucking Chrysler plant.

REGGIE
(to phone)
I'm on my way. Don't move.

CONTINUED 32

Reggie hangs up and begins to throw on one of his jivey suits. Wanchuk is giving him an intensely suspicious look. (X)

UPTON
If I had to do it again, I think I would have gotten an education. Jesus Christ, look at Ned. He doesn't have to depend on hockey, does he?

Braden intensely uncomfortable with the direction of the conversation, gets up to change the channels on the TV. The announcer on "Bowling for Dollars" is asking a contestant, "Who do you want to say hi to back home, Mike?"

BRADEN
Ten bucks he says, 'All the guys at work.'

REGGIE
Ten he says, 'My wife and the kids.'

CONTESTANT (o.s.)
All the guys at work.

Braden cheers.

32-A INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 32-A

Reggie all dressed up is leaving the room. In the background Braden is taking bets on whether or not there is a Godzilla movie listed in the weekly TV guide. The door of the room across the hall is open. Reggie glances in at the Hansens who are trying to look cheerful -- despite the misery of not having played. They're zooming their little toy cars along the shag rug.

Reggie stares at them. This has so far been one of the lousiest nights of his life.

REGGIE
(taking a deep breath)
You brought your little cars with you?

JACK
(cheerful)
We're on the road!

CONTINUED

32-A CONTINUED 32-A

JEFF
We're set to go.

STEVE
Tell us when!

REGGIE
(lame)
I'm shuffling my lines around.
I'll play you when I get organized.

HANSENS/ALL
Thanks, coach!

33 INT. SUZANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 33

Reggie and Suzanne, 28, long dark hair, a lovely woman, are in bed. Reggie is kissing the length of her spine with remarkable attention and gentleness.

SUZANNE
You're the first man I've slept with since I left Hanrahan. (X)

Reggie is not displeased with this news.

REGGIE
Christ, Suzanne, a beautiful woman like you.

SUZANNE
I've been sleeping with women.

Reggie is trying to look casual.

REGGIE
Yah?

SUZANNE
Are you shocked?

REGGIE
Nah.

He is.

SUZANNE
Have you ever wanted to sleep with a man?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED 33

REGGIE
No.

SUZANNE
Never?

REGGIE
No. Look, Suzanne, I don't blame you. Ladies have beautiful bodies, but, Christ, I mean guys' bodies -- I mean, I see guys' bodies everywhere, every day, cocks all over the locker room ---

SUZANNE
(interrupting)
You want to know how it happened?

REGGIE
No. That's okay.

SUZANNE
No. I don't mind. Christ, I'm going to have to tell it in court.

She takes a deep breath.

SUZANNE
Every time Hanrahan went on the road, I went over to this other wife's house. We would get drunk and talk about how depressed and lonely we were without the guys. Every week. Blah. Blah. Blah. Then one night, we started talking about how much we hated the life and how we'd never done much of anything ourselves. We were drunk, as usual, and I don't know why really, but it was just like kids and we started playing with one another. (X)
(laughs)
And the next week we did it sober. It was terrific.

Reggie is staring at his hands. He is not going to be complicit with the breakdown of human existence as he now knows it.

REGGIE
At the end of a day, I think about women. Women's bodies.

CONTINUED

33 33 CONTINUED - 2

REGGIE
Maybe all that will change. Maybe I'll end up sleeping with old goalies or something. The way things are going, who knows?

SUZANNE
(not about to stop talking)
Hanrahan found out about it and he just went crazy. He said if I was a dyke that made him a queer. He started slapping me around. Put me in the hospital. (X)

REGGIE
Jesus.

SUZANNE
(smiles)
I'm hiding. I'm on the lam.

REGGIE
We're playing him next week.

SUZANNE
Geo, I was so sick of going to those games. It seemed so childish. (X)

She has notices the exasperation in his look and she stops shelling out the obvious platitudes about hockey.

REGGIE
The Chiefs are gonna fold. The mill closing, and the economy. I just found out tonight. I don't know what I'm going to do.

SUZANNE
Christ, Reggie, a handsome man like you.

REGGIE
It's not that easy. I just don't see myself in some bull-shit nine-to-five job.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 3 33

SUZANNE
You can get traded.

REGGIE
Hey, Suzanne, I'm no rookie,
and as far as my coaching goes,
the Chiefs have been losers.

SUZANNE
Use your imagination.
(beat) (X)
That's what I've been doing.

Reggie laughs. (X)

SUZANNE
Look at me. Here I am, a no-good,
runaway hockey wife.

Reggie pulls her toward him, laughing.

REGGIE
A dyke!

OMITTED 34

35 INT. DUNN LIVING ROOM - DAY 35

An eight-year-old child lets Reggie into the house and immediately goes back to the TV set. A five-year-old female (X)
is lying in front of the TV. Reggie looks spiffy and cheerful but the Dunn living room is a mess -- newspapers strewn over plastic furniture. A bicycle and a tricycle are propped up against a stereo whose guts are lying on the floor. Baby support equipment is much in evidence. On the TV a dinosaur is chasing a regular-featured young WASP couple.

FEMALE CHILD (X)
Land of the Lost.

Dickie Dunn appears in the living room door.

36 INT. DICKIE'S DEN - DAY 36

In contrast to the nuclear family chaos of the Dunn living room, Dickie Dunn's den is pathologically neat. The decor is standard American lower-middle-class den -- imitation lithos of clipper ships, books on shelves, liquor in gift decanters, some sort of homage to the horse, ditto the Irish setter, a pipe rack. In the distance, a child is screaming at another child. Dickie is oblivious to the noises as he raises his shot glass to Reggie.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED 36

DICKIE
Here's to a better tomorrow.

REGGIE
Right.

DICKIE
I'm sorry about the Chiefs, Reg.
(a beat)
I'm doing a tribute to the team on Sunday. 'Chiefs Fold: A Sad Commentary.' Somewhat along those lines.

REGGIE
There's something afloat, Dick.

Dickie's ears prick up.

REGGIE
This is strictly on the QT. Our luck is just about to change.

Dickie pours Reggie another shot.

REGGIE
They're gonna sell us.

DICKIE
Who'd buy the Chiefs?

REGGIE
This is all very hush-hush. I can't tell you my sources.

DICKIE
Who controls the Chiefs' corporation?

Reggie holds up his hand in a "stop there" gesture.

REGGIE
That part I can't tell you, Dick. But I can tell you that a senior citizens' community in a southern state is in the market for a hockey team.

DICKIE
The Chiefs?

FEMALE CHILD (o.s.)
No! No! Leave it on!

MALE CHILD (o.s.)
Shut up!

36 CONTINUED - 2 36

Dickie is oblivious to the commotion outside. Years ago when he realized that if he paid any attention to his children, he would go mad, he tuned out all domestic background noise.

REGGIE
Look, it's the kind of place that would like to attract old geezers from the Northeast -- you know, the old folks down there. They've got a little money and what's the one thing they're really gonna miss in Florida?

DICKIE
I think there's alot of shysters in Florida.

REGGIE
Hockey. A Saturday night game. Their own team. See -- old people need something to root for. That's the basic philosophy behind this deal. It's an advertising gimmick of sorts.

The den door opens. The five-year-old female is standing in the door in tears.

FEMALE CHILD
(sobbing)
Daddy, he called me a pussy, and then he changed the station.

DICKIE
Well, I think you'll have to work this out amongst yourselves.

She disappears back into the living room.

DICKIE
(back to Reggie)
So now, lemme get this straight. A retirement community has bought the Chiefs?

REGGIE
(winking)
They're negotiating.

DICKIE
(pouring himself another drink)
That's not much to go on, Reg.

FEMALE CHILD (o.s.)
Stop it! Stop it!

REGGIE
They've built a new rink. Brand new, excellent facility.

6 CONTINUED - 3 36

REGGIE
We'd have our own plane. And for the first season, they'd put us up in some of the unsold units.

Dickie is impressed.

REGGIE
(knowing he's scored)
See, Dick, keep in mind that these fellas have dumped a lot of capital into the rink, the plane, etcetera. They need a cheap deal on a team. We're not exactly the Boston Bruins, now, are we?

DICKIE
(catching himself)
How could anybody in his right mind buy a fifth place team?

REGGIE
Believe me, we're gonna be winning.

There is the sound of a terrific fight going on o.s. (X)

FEMALE CHILD (o.s.) (X)
(screaming)
I'm going to hate you for as long as I live!

37 INT. CHARLESTOWN ARENA - NIGHT 37

Reggie's line (Braden, Reggie, Upton) is on. Reggie has the puck behind the Long Island Ducks' net. Braden and Upton are waiting for the pass. Braden taps his stick impatiently on the ice, trying to get Reggie's attention. The Long Island Ducks' goalie, Tommy Hanrahan, a weird figure in his fiber-glass mask, out-sized gloves and knee pads, is looking forward and back, trying to size up the delay, keeping track on who's where and who's got what.

REGGIE
(screaming at Tommy)
Hey, Hanrahan! Suzanne sucks pussy! (X)

Hanrahan whirls around -- what has he heard? Just as one of the Ducks comes in to check Reggie and dead-play the puck, Reggie passes off to Braden. Reggie screams at Tommy as he skates past the dislocated goalie:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED 37

REGGIE
(yelling, pointing at his chest, grinning)
I know.

Braden has the puck and is racing down the ice away from the Ducks' zone. As the line moves toward center ice, Reggie whirls back toward Tommy Hanrahan.

REGGIE
Hey, Hanrahan, your wife's a dyke!

Hanrahan, encumbered by thirty pounds of equipment, makes a clumsy, ridiculous gesture of outrage -- stomping his skate-bound, heavily padded leg on the ice. Reggie skates back to his own zone. The Chiefs and Ducks are swarming near the Chiefs' net. Braden emerges with the puck and passes to Drouin. The action is again near Hanrahan's net, pulling out all the stops, Reggie dodges a defenseman and makes directly for Hanrahan.

REGGIE
(screaming)
A lesbian! A lesbian! I know! I know!

This one is too much for Hanrahan. His mask and gloves are off in a second and he is slugging away at Reggie. Unthinkable that a goalie should get this ruffled for no apparent reason. Hanrahan and Reggie are going at it, a nasty gloves off fight. Hanrahan is off his rocker -- beside himself with anger. The referee and a linesman are trying to subdue Hanrahan, but they are having no luck.

8 INT. CHIEFS' ARENA - NIGHT 38

CHIEFS' ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
For the Ducks, number eighteen, Tom Hanrahan, five minutes, fighting and a game misconduct. For the Chiefs, number four, Reg Dunlop, two minutes, fighting.

Reggie skates calmly to the penalty box. Hanrahan is being forcibly ejected from the game by the two linesmen. There is steam coming out of Hanrahan's ears. He is still so furious that he is screaming and yelling.

HANRAHAN
(to the world)
Get him out! Out! No! Agh! Agh!

In the penalty box, Reggie is calmly wiping the blood off his nose and mouth.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED 37

REGGIE
(yelling, pointing at his chest, grinning)
I know.

Braden has the puck and is racing down the ice away from the Ducks' zone. As the line moves toward center ice, Reggie whirls back toward Tommy Hanrahan.

REGGIE
Hey, Hanrahan, your wife's a dyke!

Hanrahan, encumbered by thirty pounds of equipment, makes a clumsy, ridiculous gesture of outrage -- stomping his skate-bound, heavily padded leg on the ice. Reggie skates back to his own zone. The Chiefs and Ducks are swarming near the Chiefs' net. Braden emerges with the puck and passes to Drouin. The action is again near Hanrahan's net, pulling out all the stops, Reggie dodges a defenseman and makes directly for Hanrahan.

REGGIE
(screaming)
A lesbian! A lesbian! I know! I know!

This one is too much for Hanrahan. His mask and gloves are off in a second and he is slugging away at Reggie. Unthinkable that a goalie should get this ruffled for no apparent reason. Hanrahan and Reggie are going at it, a nasty gloves off fight. Hanrahan is off his rocker -- beside himself with anger. The referee and a linesman are trying to subdue Hanrahan, but they are having no luck.

38 INT. CHIEFS' ARENA - NIGHT 38

CHIEFS' ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
For the Ducks, number eighteen, Tom Hanrahan, five minutes, fighting and a game misconduct. For the Chiefs, number four, Reg Dunlop, two minutes, fighting.

Reggie skates calmly to the penalty box. Hanrahan is being forcibly ejected from the game by the two linesmen. There is steam coming out of Hanrahan's ears. He is still so furious that he is screaming and yelling.

HANRAHAN
(to the world)
Get him out! Out! No! Agh! Agh!

In the penalty box, Reggie is calmly wiping the blood off his nose and mouth.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED 38

HANRAHAN
(looking back at Reggie)
Aagh!

On the ice, there is a little confusion. The Ducks' coach is arguing with the referee; he is gesticulating madly at Reggie. The referee is giving him a "fuck you" look.

Hanrahan breaks away from the linesmen and skates over to the Chiefs' penalty box. Hanrahan is beating his stick against the wall of the penalty box trying to get at Reg until it shivers and breaks. Not satisfied, he picks up the pieces and bangs them against the wall.

The crowd in the War Memorial has suddenly become remarkably partisan -- booing Hanrahan. A woman sitting directly behind the penalty box leans down until her face is practically touching Hanrahan's.

WOMAN FAN
(shrieking)
You bum, Hanrahan, you bum.

39 INT. CHIEFS' LOCKER ROOM 39

The Chiefs are exulting over their win. They show the effects of the exertion of hours on the ice. There is lots of noise in the locker room -- the shower, the hair dryer, the crapper, the electric razors, equipment being tossed around.

CARLSON
We fuckin' won. Awright.

AHERN
Yah. Two points.

UPTON
That ends the longest fuckin' losin' streak I was ever on.

DOC
'Bout fuckin' time. Let's keep this up, gang.

Denis isn't paying any attention to anybody. He's slowly coming out of his trance -- twitching and mumbling. The trainer routinely hands him an assortment of pills.

DENIS
(serious)
My allergy to dose fucking fans is returned. Must be der coats. Phony wool.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED 39

No one pays any attention to Denis. The Hansens are swigging on sodas. Reggie isn't saying shit. He's got a Cheshire cat smile, a beer, and a nasty cut above his right eye.

WANCHUK (X)
What'd you say to him, Reg?

REGGIE
I told him his wife was a dyke.

WANCHUK (X)
No.

REGGIE
Yah.

WANCHUK (X)
(serious, musing)
Fuck.

AHERN
Jesus Christ, no wonder he flipped his lid.

UPTON
Anybody called my old lady a dyke, I'd go bananas.

REGGIE
She is a dyke.

WANCHUK (X)
Jesus Christ. The poor guy.

AHERN (X)
(worried)
You think he's a fag?

REGGIE
Fuck him. Hanrahan's an ape. I knew it would piss the shit out of him. His wife's a fantastic gal. Fantastic. I knew he'd go beserk.

JACK
You nailed him. You fuckin' nailed him in the head.

STEVE
(inventing)
You nailed him in his mind.

JEFF
Besides, he deserved it.

CONTINUED

39

39 CONTINUED - 2

Reggie is laughing at the Hansens.

BRADEN
That's fucking wrestling shit. They didn't have a backup goalie. It was a garbage goal. (X)

Reggie is damned if he's going to let Braden get the upper hand.

REGGIE
Get 'em twisted. Fuck with 'em.

JACK
Nail 'em.

BRADEN
(disgusted)
A garbage win.

40

40 EXT. MAIN STREET - CHARLESTOWN - MORNING

Reggie has spotted Lily Braden in the Pennsylvania State Liquor Store, lined up with all the other customers waiting for a bottle. Lily exits the store with a pint of bourbon in a brown bag. Reggie catches up with her. She is wearing a Boston Red Sox baseball cap and mumbling to herself.

REGGIE
Where ya goin'?

LILY
Nowhere.

She is heading directly for the park -- a block square of degenerates -- the flotsam and jetsam of a mill town. It is snowing.

41

41 INT. CENTRAL PARK

Lily takes a seat on one of the benches and starts to slug away at the pint in the brown bag. Reggie sits down next to her.

REGGIE
There've been three rapes and two murders in this park in the past year.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED 41

LILY
I didn't do it.

The snow is coming down hard.

REGGIE
We're gonna freeze to death.

LILY
If you leave, you won't have that problem, will you?

Over on Main Street, in full view of Reggie and Lily, Braden is chatting with an attractive woman in her mid-thirties. Lily pretends not to have seen him. She is staring hard at a statue of a dog at full point at the other end of the park.

LILY
What's the story on that dog?

REGGIE
(amazed at her cool)
What?

LILY
What's the story on that dog?

REGGIE
That's the dog that saved Charlestown from the 1938 flood.

LILY
Well, fuck him.

She looks back to where she had seen Braden.

LILY
(matter of fact)
He's just gonna shock her with his views on life.

REGGIE
(impressed)
If you came back to my apartment right now...I'd fix ya something hot to drink, I'd rub your back, we'd see if there's a game on TV ---

LILY
(sarcastic)
Great.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED - 2 41

REGGIE
(undeterred)
I'd make you something to eat, tell ya stories and, by the time pneumonia sets in tonight, you'll be sound asleep.

Lily gets up and walks out of the park.

REGGIE
(calling after her)
See ya round.

42 INT. SMOKEY'S - DAY 42

Reggie strolls into Smokey's, which opens early and closes late. Beer is ten cents a glass and the Chiefs hang out here during the day. It's 12:30 on an illuminated plastic clock. The bar is filled with millworkers, young and old, getting stoked, revving up for the second shift. Ahern, Wanchuk, Upton, Drouin, Denis and Doc are watching a segment of "Another World." Carlson is alternately drinking, looking at the soap and reading the newspaper. (X)

WANCHUK (X)
(serious, referring to TV)
That cunt is no good.

UPTON
Nice talk.

DENIS
(without malice)
She do dat on purpose to make him crazy so he don't know what he doing.

WANCHUK (X)
(emphatic)
She's lyin to him.

REGGIE
(walking up to the bar)
I'd fuck her. I'd gladly fuck her.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED 42

CARLSON
(reading newspaper, choking a little)
I don't fuckin' believe it.

DROUIN
I like to fuck her mother. What her name?

REGGIE
Iris. Yah, there's something to old Iris.

CARLSON
(reading the paper)
'Chiefs Sought by Florida Retirement Community.'

REGGIE
(surprised)
What?

CARLSON
(loud)
'Unidentified but reliable sources have informed the Herald-American that a St. Petersburg, Florida retirement community is negotiating with the Charlestown Hockey Corporation for the purchase of the Charlestown Chiefs'.

DENIS
What it mean?

The Chiefs are in shock.

REGGIE
Lemme see. I can't fuckin' believe it.

UPTON
The Chrysler plant may have to do without me.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED - 2 42

REGGIE
Dickie wrote it. It's gotta be true.

AHERN
Yup. You're right there, Reg. If Dickie wrote it.

DOC
(shouting)
Awright.

CARLSON
O -- fuckin' -- kay.

DOC
(enunciating carefully for the French contingent)
We may be going to Florida. Someone is looking to buy us.

DROUIN
(incredulous)
Somebody buy da Chiefs?

REGGIE
There's a possibility.

MILLWORKER
What sucker would buy the Chiefs?

UPTON
Jealous.

REGGIE
(laughing, slapping a bill on the bar)
Your mother shoulda bought you skates.

Reggie indicates to the bartender, "drinks all around."

MILLWORKER
(singing)
'Cut off my balls,
I'm a stranger in paradise.'

REGGIE
(to the Millworker)
Here's to you guys -- the future unemployed losers of America.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED - 3 42

MILLWORKER #2
Here's to the clown who buys the Chiefs.

The other millworkers chorus in.

SAGINAW
Here's to all that gorgeous snatch in F.L.A.

42-A INT. CHIEFS' MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 42-A

Reggie comes in quickly, casting a quick look behind him, waits a second. The moment Dave Carlson, wearing shoulder pads and shorts, comes into the men's room to take a piss, Reggie leans up against the mirror -- an intense expression of pain on his face.

CARLSON
Reg, what's wrong?

REGGIE
Nothing.

CARLSON
(a little embarrassed)
You've got an expression of sadness on your face.

REGGIE
(coming clean)
I think this is gonna be my last season, Dave.

CARLSON
Hey, we're being bought.

REGGIE
Sure, but at my age, you gotta think of retiring. I know the other teams make fun of me.

Carlson is confused; he's never seen Reggie like this.

CARLSON
That's not true.

REGGIE
Oh sure, they do. I hear 'em. Every game.

CONTINUED

42-A CONTINUED 42-A

CARLSON
They're just trying to upset you. It doesn't mean anything.

In the b.g., the Organist is banging out the theme from "Exodus." Reggie looks quickly at his watch, crushes out his cigarette.

REGGIE
(grateful to Carlson)
You're right. I dunno. These things build up. It's all psychological.

Carlson is genuinely relieved that his coach is seeming normal again.

CARLSON
(consoling)
Sure.

42-B INT. CHIEFS' LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 42-B

The Chiefs are getting ready to troop out the door.

REGGIE
(suddenly, loud voice)
Do we deserve to be bought?

Denis is in a freeze -- long gone. Reggie moves down near where the Hansens are taping the aluminum foil to their hands.

JACK
Yup.

REGGIE
Some people have said no.

STEVE
(an expression of horror)
Who?

REGGIE
Some people have made fun of us.

JEFF
Gimme his name.

Braden's jaw is hanging open in stunned amazement.

REGGIE
Are we gonna stand for this?

CONTINUED

42-B CONTINUED 42-B

JACK/JEFF
No, we're not.

REGGIE
In recent days --
(a beat)
In recent days, some of us have known fear. Some of us have known anxiety.

BRADEN
(to Upton)
Sounds like the radio on a Sunday night.

Reggie has dramatically picked up a piece of chalk and is writing on the little blackboard behind him. "When the dust settles, the Chiefs will be on top?"

HANSENS
(glad)
That's it!

UPTON
(to Braden)
Holy shit!

BRADEN
He's gone off the deep end. It's been too much for him.

Reggie is scanning the room, deciding whose line will start. The Hansens are jumping out of their skins, waving their taped and foiled fists in the air.

REGGIE
(staring right at the Hansens)
Braden's line starts.

The Hansens, driven almost to their emotional limits at not being chosen, are cheerful nonetheless.

HANSENS
(in unison)
Okay!

Braden looks over at Dave Carlson who is staring off in space.

43 OMITTED 43

INT. CHIEFS' ARENA - LATER 44

The arena is fuller tonight, the crowd not so down on the Chiefs. But at this point the game is not going well for them. Braden is racing down ice, carrying the puck, pushing himself all the way. He passes to Drouin, who is looking in the wrong direction and doesn't see the puck.

BRADEN
(shouting)
Goddamn it, Drouin. Keep your fuckin' eyes open.

45 INT. CHIEFS' ARENA - NIGHT 45

Broome County Blades' center, Barclay Donaldson, and Reggie are in the face-off circle. (X)

REGGIE
Tough news, Barclay. Sorry.

BARCLAY
What fuckin' news?

REGGIE
(stage whispering to Donaldson)
Minnesota dropped ya.

BARCLAY
(taken aback)
I got a contract.

The Ref, waiting to drop the puck, has begun to listen to their conversation.

BRADEN
Let's get going. Let's win this frigging game.

REGGIE
(ignoring Braden's impatience)
It's in Hockey News, Barclay. (X)
I'll save it for ya.

Seeing Donaldson's concern Carlson has started laughing. Donaldson knows he's been had.

DONALDSON
(to Reggie)
You know what your problem is.

CONTINUED

45

CONTINUED

DONALDSON (Cont'd)
Dunlop, you're too old to play this fucking game.

Carlson has seen the involuntary flash of pain in Reggie's eyes. Carlson immediately skates into the circle and shoves his face into Donaldson's.

CARLSON
Take that sentence back.

Instant fight. Carlson is small and wiry. Donaldson is a big lard-ass. The crowd is cheering Carlson on.

REFEREE
(screaming)
Too much, too soon!

On the bench, the Hansens are screaming, banging their sticks against the box. On the ice, Braden looks bored.

46

5 INT. CHEIFS' BENCH ARENA - NIGHT

JACK
You got him, Dave.

STEVE
He's a goner.

(In the b.g., the game is in full swing; Wanchuk's line is on.) On the bench, Dave Carlson is mumbling to himself, making it very difficult for ten-thumbed Charlie Kischel, the trainer, to stitch his swelled lip. (X)

CHARLIE
Hold still. You're makin' me miss.

JEFF
(to Carlson)
Your name is on his face.

JACK/STEVE
(in unison)
Dave's a killer.

Braden is disgusted.

CARLSON
Hey, Ned, he was askin' for it. He took the first swing.

BRADEN
Let's win the frigging game.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED 46

REGGIE
(triumphant)
We are winning.

Barclay Donaldson, face all puffy from the fight, skates by the Chiefs' bench. All he has to do is look at Carlson and the fight is on again. Forgetting or not caring that his lip is attached to a needle by surgical thread, Dave has lunged over the boards to get at Barclay. A grotesque sight.

CHARLIE
(to Carlson)
I'm all tangled up here.

The crowd is going berserk in admiration that a man undergoing minor surgery should be fighting.

The Ref is infuriated.

REF
Out! Out!

Carlson and Donaldson are being forcibly carted to the exits by the linesmen.

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
For number twenty-one of the Chiefs, Dave Carlson, a game misconduct -- fighting.

46-A INT. CHIEFS' LOCKER ROOM 46-A

between periods.

Dave Carlson is sitting in a corner, winded, jabbing at the air, mumbling, surgical string, still hanging from his lip.

REGGIE
(shouting)
Some of us have sacrificed. Take Dave Carlson.

HANSENS
Dave's a killer.

REGGIE
(shouting)
That lard-ass Barclay Donaldson -- a no-good guy and twice Dave's size physically, he challenged the Chiefs.

CONTINUED

46-A CONTINUED 46-A

JEFF
Called us names.

REGGIE
Called us names. But Dave was there.

STEVE
Dave's a killer!

REGGIE
Now Dave's gone. Who'll take his place?

BRADEN
(raising his hand)
Is the answer Jesus?

Reggie whirls around to the Hansens.

REGGIE
Show'em what you got, guys!

46-B INT. CHIEFS' ARENA - CHIEFS' BENCH 46-B

The Hansens are crossing themselves as they jump over the boards onto the ice.

46-C INT. CHIEFS' ARENA 46-C

ANNOUNCER (X)
Ladies and gentlemen, from Virginia, Minnesota, their first game since joining the Chiefs -- the Hansen Brothers -- Jeff, Jack and Steve.

The Chiefs are staring dumbstruck at the Hansens.

UPTON
God save me.

The Hansen brothers are churning down the ice. In action they are something to behold. (X)

Jack Hansen takes a check from one of the Blades. They're up against the boards -- a little elbowing. (X)

CONTINUED

6-C CONTINUED 46-C

JACK
(yelling)
We're gonna beat you at your own game.

BLADES (X)
(not hearing)
Whadya say?

Even this question has been too much for Jack. His gloves are off and he's swinging at the guy. Jeff and Steve have rushed back to their brother's aid. The little jagged edges of aluminum on Jack's hands are making a mess of the Blades' (X) face. Jack and the Blades are flat on the ice -- Jack is on top, slugging at the guy. His brothers are standing guard around him, alternately hitting the felled Blades with their sticks and pushing the Referee away. Jack's glasses are broken and cutting into his face. He doesn't seem to notice. Two more Blades have descended to even out the fight. The Hansens fight like dirty windmills -- arms and legs flailing away.

46-D INT. ARENA - CHIEFS' BENCH - NIGHT 46-D

BRADEN
I do not believe my freaking eyes. Those assholes are not wearing safety glasses.

UPTON
These guys are a fucking disgrace.

DROUIN
I never see nutting like dis.

The fans are screaming -- digging the Hansens. The small crowd in the arena has cottoned quickly to the brothers.

FAN (o.s.)
That's it, boys. You do the job.

46-E INT. CHIEFS' ARENA - NIGHT 46-E

Reggie is arguing with the Ref, who is throwing the Hansen brothers out of the game.

REFEREE
Oh, no. They gotta go.

CONTINUED

46-E

CONTINUED

REGGIE
Self-defense.

REFEREE
Bad. Uh-uh. Bad.

That Reggie should be pleading for such a lost and unworthy cause has brought the crowd to its feet.

46-F

46-F INT. RADIO BOOTH - ARENA - NIGHT (X)

CARR
(into microphone)
These Hansen boys are a real surprise, ladies and gentlemen. They have just stomped on the Blades and I think Lewiston is just visibly shaken by this display. C'mon down and get places for the home games.

46-G

4. 3 INT. ARENA - NIGHT

The Hansen brothers, bloodied, their glasses hanging in shreds from their faces, are skating to the exit. They've been thrown out and they're waving to the cheering crowd, smiling.

46-H

46-H INT. CHIEFS' BENCH

AHERN
(to Braden)
You think the old folks in Florida are going to go for these guys?

Braden and Ahern are going over the boards. Their shift is on.

BRADEN
I don't believe a word of that Florida shit.

Reggie has heard Braden's remark.

46-J (X)

46-J INT. MC GRATH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

After the game. McGrath, all dressed up in his Sunday night suit, is shuffling some papers. Denis, has barged into the room.

CONTINUED

46-J CONTINUED 46-J

DENIS
Joe, who 'own da Chiefs?

MC GRATH
(enunciating carefully)
Owns. Owns.

DENIS
(enunciating carefully)
Owns.

MC GRATH
I dunno.

DENIS
Thanks.

46-K INT. CHIEFS' ARENA - NIGHT 46-K

The arena is filled with after the game litter and crap. A squad of old men are cleaning it up. Denis emerges from McGrath's office and hurries under the stands to Reggie who is waiting for him.

DENIS
He dunno.

REGGIE
(to Denis, whispering so no one will hear)
What! How'd you ask him?

DENIS
(adamant)
I say, 'Who own da Chiefs?'

REGGIE
What'd he say?

DENIS
Owns. Owns.

REGGIE
Oh, for chrissakes.

DENIS
(getting pissed)
I don't care who own da Chiefs. I hate here. Make me sick. I puke everytime. Puke -- aagh -- like that.

CONTINUED

46-K CONTINUED 46-K

REGGIE
You're a goalie. You're s'posed to be like that.

Denis makes the puking sound again.

DENIS
Somebody own. We go to Florida. I get da money.

REGGIE
Don't count your fuckin' chickens, ya goddamn frog.

46-L EXT. WAR MEMORIAL - NIGHT 46-L

The war memorial marquee announces "Ice-Stravaganza of 1976," (X) featuring the famous Ice-Stravaganza Pinwheel."

47 INT. WAR MEMORIAL ARENA - NIGHT 47

A phalanx of women dressed as bluebirds -- feathered one-piece bathing suits, blue tails, tufted headdresses -- are skating down the ice in a sort of goose-step. Each bluebird holds an American flag. The organist is playing a variation of his basic "Lady of Spain." A capacity audience (families) in the Charlestown Memorial is thrilling to the sight. The Ice Capades are in town for their yearly visit.

In the stands amidst the millworkers, millworkers' wives, millworkers' children, about eight rows of center ice, sits a group of men in belted leather coats (the mark of the off-duty hockey player) ---

-- Reggie, Ahern, Denis, Carlson, Wanchuk (wearing shades and stoking on a big cigar), Doc, Charlebois, Drouin. They are drinking cans of Stroh's beer and taking in the action. The depression seems to have lifted a bit. There is even a certain confidence and swagger about the eight Chiefs. (X)

REGGIE
(appreciative)
That's nice.

AHERN
Yah. Pretty.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED 47

WANCHUK (X)
(critical)
I don't like the way they cover their jugs all up with the feathers, you know, Reg.

Reggie does not reply. The Bluebirds have begun the famous Ice-Stravacanza finale -- the human pinwheel. A Bluebird (X) skates to center ice and locks arms shoulder level with two other women who will be the center of the wheel.

DENIS
She so beautiful.

One by one the Bluebirds will skate into the wheel as it moves faster and faster. The crowd is digging it.

WANCHUK (X)
They ought to cut the costumes higher up on the thigh there so that you can see more ass.

DENIS
I feel sick when you speak, Morris.

WANCHUK (X)
This isn't art. This is sex.

The crowd's applause is growing; finally, the last Bluebird, long-legged and shapely, is revving up to speed skate into the whirling wheel. The chance that she may not make it is jacking up the crowd.

CARLSON
Ogilthorpe fucked her, you know.

His comrades are impressed.

CARLSON
I heard that from a couple of guys. Ogilthorpe fucked the last girl on the pinwheel of the Ice Capades.

AHERN
Jesus Christ! Is he good-looking, Ogilthorpe? Huh?

The last girl on the pinwheel of the Ice-Stravaganza has done (X) it. Without breaking her stride, she has joined arms with her sisters and is whirling around in the giant circle as the crowd, the seven Chiefs included, roars its applause.

48 INT. SHERATON LOUNGE BOOTH 48

The Chiefs and an equal number of Bluebird girls are squeezed into a booth. They're all having a good time -- ordering tacky drinks. Nobody is uptight. A miserable rock group is blaring away. (X)

Wanchuk is attempting to dance with one of the Bluebirds. He is so horny that he is doing the bump without knowing it. In the booth everyone is talking at once. (X)

DENIS
(to Bluebird)
The hair...
(he means "air")
...is rotted here. Make me sick. My eyes are rotted. The other night, I reach for the puck, it go right by me because my eyes are rotted from the hair.

BLUEBIRD #1
Why don't you use some Visine or something.

DENIS
Nothing work. Believe me.

Carlson's face is still a mess.

BLUEBIRD #2
(to Carlson)
Your face is a mess.

CARLSON
Fight.

BLUEBIRD #2
(studying him)
I dunno. It looks sort of good.

Carlson has begun what will become a compulsive reaction -- flexing his muscles and looking very mean.

Of all the Chiefs, Reggie is the loosest. He's got a crazy smile.

REGGIE
(to Bluebird #3; a knockout)
You like skating?

BLUEBIRD #3
Sure.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED 48

REGGIE
I mean, you like wearing bird costumes and racing around the ice like that?

BLUEBIRD #3
You should talk.

REGGIE
(smiling)
I'm just asking. You know -- out of curiosity. Find out how the other half lives.

A disturbing new visual has hit the corner of Reggie's eye. In a booth over near the band, Francine is sitting with a man who is evidently enthralled with her. She has caught Reggie's glance and the sweet, unembarrassed but definitely detached smile she gives him takes Reggie's breath away.

REGGIE
(mumbling to himself)
Goddamn it.

Reggie instinctively puts his arm around the Bluebird next to him.

BLUEBIRD
(hip)
Your old girl friend?

Reggie is too upset by the sight of Francine to answer the Bluebird. Touched, the Bluebird makes a valiant attempt at small talk.

BLUEBIRD
Is your team any good?

REGGIE
(too preoccupied with Francine)
No.

His answer throws the Bluebird into a fit of giggles.

REGGIE
(still with Francine)
We're so lousy that we're being disbanded.

BLUEBIRD
(giggling)
Oh, no.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2 48

AHERN
(upset, worried)
Florida, huh, Reg?

REGGIE
We gotta be winning.

Carlson is flexing his muscles and looks very mean again.

AHERN
(skeptical)
We gotta win?

REGGIE
(recovering himself)
We're hot!

AHERN
(worried)
We won two games.

REGGIE
(back on the track)
We're on a roll.

The Bluebird is watching Reggie with some amazement; he has totally contradicted himself but his teammates are too out of it to notice.

REGGIE
(to Bluebird #3)
How's Ogilthorpe?

BLUEBIRD #3
(laughing)
Who?

Francine and her date are leaving the bar. The man she's with kisses her shoulder as he helps her on with her coat.

REGGIE
Oh shit.
(to Bluebird)
Excuse me just a second.

Reggie is following Francine and her man into the lobby.

48-A INT. SHERATON LOBBY - NIGHT 48-A

Reggie runs into the lobby but before he can catch Francine two middle-aged Charlestownians who have had too much to drink and who for some reason are wearing paper hats have cornered him.

CONTINUED

48-A CONTINUED

MAN
Hey, Reg, the Chiefs are rolling now.

REGGIE
(trying to get away)
Yeah.

MAN #2
The new Chiefs!

REGGIE
That's us!

MAN #1
You're the greatest.

REGGIE
Well, we're trying.

MAN
All I can say is, 'it's wonderful!'

Reggie is ducking away from them only to be confronted by something more amazing. Beneath a banner which reads "Sign Up for Chiefs' Booster Club" the three Hansen brothers (X) each holding a coke bottle and a Good Citizen Certificate, are having a group picture taken with a bunch of blue-haired old ladies wearing American flag skirts and hot dog hats.

Reggie's jaw is hanging open.

JEFF
Reg, it's us!

STEVE
Jeff, Jack and Steve!

JACK
We're the Hansens!

REGGIE
(to himself)
Oh Jesus!

JEFF
Cheese!

Instamatics are popping as Reggie remembers that he had come to the lobby to find Francine. He looks around. She is nowhere to be found. He hurries outside.

48-B EXT. SHERATON PARKING LOT 48-B

Reggie comes out just as Francine goes by in a car. She doesn't see him, but is obviously laughing and enjoying herself with her companion.

REGGIE
Shit.

He turns and hurries back into the hotel.

48-C EXT. SHERATON LOBBY 48-C

Reggie hurries back toward the bar only to find Dave Carlson escorting two Bluebirds (his and Reggie's) toward the elevator. Carlson looks unabashedly ecstatic; he turns around to Reggie, winking and giving the high sign as the threesome steps into the elevator.

CARLSON
(to Reggie)
They're from Florida!

The elevator door closes.

REGGIE
(disgusted)
Well, fuck me.

49 thru 56 OMITTED 49 thru 56

57 INT. CHIEFS' BUS - DAY 57

The Chiefs are on yet another road trip. A card game is starting up as the bus speeds through the beautiful New Hampshire countryside. Upton is getting a beer.

UPTON
Hey, where the hell did all this beer come from?

REGGIE
It's from the owner. (X)

BRADEN
How's his family? (X)

REGGIE
Said to tell you, he's real glad we're winning. It's making the Florida deal a lot easier for him. (X)

57 CONTINUED 57

DENIS
You find da guy's name?

REGGIE
(quickly)
He's a swell guy. And he's gonna give us every break in the negotiations.

AHERN
That's good news.

Braden has become suddenly mesmerized by something at the back of the bus. (X)

BRADEN
Wretched fucking excess!

In the back windows of the Iron Lung, the three Hansens are saluting a beat-up old bus which has approached their own. On the flank of the overtaking vehicle is a sign reading: Charlestown Chief's Booster Club - New England Tour. Hands holding beer cans are waving at the Chiefs.

A cheer for the Booster Club goes up inside the Iron Lung.

Reggie throws open a window to talk to a middle-aged woman who is calling his name; she is wearing a fake nose and glasses.

WOMAN
(screaming across the highway)
We thought it would be a surprise.

REGGIE
(shouting)
That's wonderful.

WOMAN
(shouting)
Whadya say?

REGGIE
That's wonderful!

The thirty or so fans packed into the Booster Club bus are waving madly at the Chiefs who are waving back.

At the back of the Booster Club bus, the Sparkle Twins, two six-foot tall fifteen-year-old teeny boppers, with pressed hair, sequinned platforms and braces, are leaning out of windows focusing their Instamatics on Billy Charlebois, the Chiefs' own angel-faced bad boy.

Reggie pulls back in from the window, elated.

REGGIE
Okay, guys, from now on no one shaves! By the time we finish this trip, we're gonna look like the mean bastards we are!

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED - 2 57

HANSENS
All right!

57-A thru 57-F OMITTED 57-A thru 57-F

57-F-1 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT 57-F-1

The Chiefs accompanied by fifty members of the Booster Club are entering the hotel lobby. Billy Charlebois has a protective arm around each of the beautiful Sparkle Twins. The three Hansens, for some heretofor unexplained reason, wearing dressing gowns; Steve has lighted the wrong end of a filter cigarette. In the f.g. Reggie is on a pay phone.

REGGIE
(to phone)
Eddie, it's Reg. How are ya? Oh jesus, we're kicking the shit out of everybody. We're unbeatable. Listen, Eddie, I got a favor to ask ya. Remember Francine? My ex-wife? The good-looking one?

57-G INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 57-G

Outside in the lobby, Jeff Hansen, is pole vaulting over the front desk to grab the Clerk by the throat.

JEFF
(screaming)
We stay with the Boosters, fuck face.

Jack Hansen is systematically destroying a palm tree.

STEVE
Four to a room!

JACK
Boosters and Chiefs!

REGGIE
(shouting into phone)
Has she been in there, Eddie? Give me a name. There is a couple of tickets in it for you. Which bar? Hold on, they're goin' bananas here.

DESK CLERK (o.s.)
(screaming for his life)
It's against our policy!

CONTINUED

57-G

57-G CONTINUED

The noise from the lobby is so deafening that Reggie can't hear Eddie. He opens the door to the pay phone and screams at the Hansen brothers.

REGGIE
Fellas, Ogilthorpe's been convicted. They're asking for life!
(thoughtful, abandoning the Clerk)
Poor Oggie.

Reggie goes back to his conversation. Out in the lobby, the Hansens are totally crestfallen and subdued over the news of Ogilthorpe. A bunch of the Boosters are doing the Bunny Hop.

REGGIE
(to phone)
The guy she was with -- whad' he look like?

57-H

57-H INT. PETERBORO LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The Chiefs are about to troop out on the ice. Reggie stands, holding out his arms dramatically.

REGGIE
Their rink! Their ice! Their fuckin' town! But tonight we got our fans with us!

HANSEN
Okay!

REGGIE
They've spent their own money coming here. Let's show 'em what we got. Be tough out there!

CARLSON
All right!

REGGIE
Be tough in the warm-up!

HANSENS
Yeah!

BRADEN
I can feel it in my bones.

REGGIE
(to Carlson)
Okay, killer.

58 OMITTED 58 and 59

60 INT. PETERBORO RINK - RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT 60

PETERBORO ANNOUNCER
The Peterboro Patriots versus the Charlestown Chiefs. Brought to you by Sheehan's Rustproofing. The Chiefs have just come out on the ice for a warm-up period about to try for their 5th consecutive win. They're getting a nice round of applause from their own Booster Club who've traveled all the way from Charlestown to be here in Peterboro tonight. (X)

61 INT. PETERBORO ARENA - NIGHT 61

The warm-up. The two clubs are skating around in circles, each in its own end, when Jack Hansen leaves the Chiefs' circle and skates over to the biggest Patriot. Jack's glasses are taped together.

JACK
(screaming)
You're the goon.

He has grabbed the Patroit by the shirt. The Patriot has a handful of Jack's long, stringy, ugly hair. Jeff and Steve Hansen have glommed onto Patriots and all three brothers are now wailing away. The other Patriots and Chiefs have stopped skating and are watching the goings on in stunned disbelief. Carlson, unable to stand it any longer, has picked out a Patriot for his own and is hammering at him. Now the Chiefs and Patriots pair off in old hockey style -- so as not to look idle or chicken. Everybody is waiting for the signal for an all-out brawl.

PETERBORO ANNOUNCER
The game hasn't even started yet and these Hansen Brothers have picked fights right in the warm-up. And there is no one to stop them because the officials are not on the ice. Oh, those Hansens are something terrible. What has come over the Charlestown Chiefs?

2 INT. PETERBORO ARENA - NIGHT 62

The Peterboro fans are booing and yelling, throwing things on the ice. The Chiefs' Booster Club, all of whom are wearing black glasses and fake noses, is yelling support.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED 62

PATROIT
(to Braden)
Is this for real?

BRADEN
He's bleeding, isn't he?

Reggie is skating around the main melee, a gadfly.

REGGIE
(screaming)
We're just warming up.

63 INT. PETERBORO ARENA - NIGHT 63

The Chiefs' and the Patriots' starting line-ups (the Chiefs are represented by the Hansen Brothers) are standing at attention at center ice as a stirring recording of "God Bless America" fills the hall. On the Chiefs' bench Billy Charlebois is staring up into the stands toward the Sparkle Twins, who are focusing their Instamatics upon his gorgeous face. The Ref, a sawed-off little man, is standing next to the Hansens, who are bloodied and battered, their shirts torn, their glasses a disgrace. Jack is practically reeling. Debris is still being hurled onto the ice.

REF
(beside himself)
I'm gonna watch you three, every minute, every minute. I run a clean game. You got that? Step outta line once and you're out. Huh? Suspended. Huh?

Jack's patience has been badly tried. He looks down at the Ref.

JACK
(screaming)
I'm listening to the song.

The Ref's jaw is hanging open as Kate Smith asks God to crown America's good with brotherhood, etc.

63-A EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT 63-A

Reggie is in a pay phone in a parking lot while the team in the b.g. is clambering in the bus.

REGGIE
(on phone)
No, to Mrs. Reggie Dunlop from Mr. Dunlop -- collect. What? Hell,

CONTINUED

63-A CONTINUED 63-A

REGGIE (Cont'd)
I'll talk to anyone there -- no, I'll pay here....

He fumbles for change, his attention diverts a second to:

63-B EXT. BUS - DAY 63-B

About twenty feet away Walt, the Chiefs' driver is slamming the side of the bus with a sledge hammer. Braden walks up to get on, and eyes him in astonishment. The Hansens also stop and watch.

WALT (X)
Gonna make it look mean.

HANSEN'S
Awright!

Braden shakes his head and gets on bus.

63-C INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY 63-C

REGGIE
When's she gonna be back? We won last night. Tell her we won last night -- I got a great winning streak going. Tell her that. Who's this? Hello? Shit.
(hangs up)

64 INT. CHIEFS' BUS 64

The bus is a pigsty. Beer cans, girlie magazines, fast food containers, newspapers all over the place. Everyone is sacked out with the exception of the Hansens, who are staring out the window like kids on a field trip and Reggie and Braden, who are deep into a gin marathon. Carlson awakes from a sound sleep in an upper bunk.

CARLSON
I'm gonna change my name, Reg.

REGGIE
Yeah?

CARLSON
To 'Killer.'

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED 64

REGGIE
Has a nice ring to it.

Carlson has dropped back to sleep.

BRADEN
I'm not gonna do it.

Reggie is watching him.

BRADEN
I'm not gonna goon it up for you.

REGGIE
No?

BRADEN
No.

REGGIE
I'll bench ya.

BRADEN
I'll take my chances.

The Hansens have spotted a sign welcoming them to Hyannisport, Massachusetts.

JACK
What was the name of the guy who lived here?

BRADEN
(staring at his cards)
Lincoln.

STEVE
Honest Abe.

JEFF
That's him!

Outside, a horn sounds several times: the Booster Club bus is once again overtaking the Iron Lung. Reggie is waving at the Boosters.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED - 2 64

A strange transformation has occurred in the Booster Club bus. After only one day on the road with the Chiefs weird noises are emanating from the depths of the soon-to-be notorious vehicle -- lascivious laughs, suggestive screams.

64-A EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 64-A

A busy highway somewhere in the Atlantic corridor. Cliff swerves the bus crazily over to the side of the road. The Booster Club bus follows suit.

There on the side of the road, with the traffic whizzing by, several of the Chiefs, including stark naked Yvon Lebrun, emerge from the Chiefs' bus and enter the Booster Club bus. Several members of the Booster Club, all wearing the Booster Club nylon jacket and including the Sparkle Twins, leave their bus to hurry into the Iron Lung.

64-B EXT. DOWNTOWN HYANNISPORT - NIGHT 64-B

The two buses pull up before a modest motel in downtown Hyannisport.

The Chiefs' notoriety has preceded them. About one hundred members of the Presidents' Booster Club, the Pythons, wearing jackets emblazoned with the "striking" emblem of their mascot, are lying in wait to hurl abuse at the Chiefs, but even they have not expected the worst and the worst is happening.

The Chiefs and their Boosters are mooning the residents of Hyannisport; a bare ass is hanging from each and every window of both buses. Big asses, little asses, tattooed asses, male asses, female asses -- all there to disgrace and horrify the enemy's fans.

65 INT. HYANNISPORT ARENA - NIGHT 65

A big crowd has turned out to see the Chiefs take on Cape Cod. Evidence of their burgeoning notoriety is recorded on a sign CHIEFS=BUMS which one Cape Cod fan is waving. As Jeff Hansen hits the blue line at full speed, something thrown from the stands hits him square in the face -- blood is gushing out of his nose and mouth. He looks toward the stands to see a man standing, screaming, "You goon." In one amazing motion, Jeff is over the boards into the stands -- sort of pole vaulting. He is clamoring into the seats in search of his attacker. His brothers are after him as are a couple of Cape Codders. Something bizarre is happening. Jeff is looking for his attacker -- going up and down the rows, squinting through his coke-bottle glasses, trying to remember who it was who dinged him.

65 CONTINUED 65

Jeff has grabbed a burly refrigerator of a man by the shirt; he screams down to his brothers.

JEFF
Jack, Steve, is this the one?

JACK
Yah. Nail him.

STEVE
Yah. Nail him good.

FAN
It wasn't me. It was that guy.

Jeff nails him anyway.

66 INT. ARENA - NIGHT - CHIEFS BENCH 66

Reggie is off the bench, over the boards and into the stands to give the Hansens a helping hand. Thus he has given the signal for a bench clearer.

66-A INT. HYANNISPORT ARENA RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT 66-A

In the course of this game, the Hyannisport Announcer will get progressively hysterical. He might as well be "calling" the Hindenburg.

HYANNISPORT ANNOUNCER
We have a bench clearer. We have goalies in on it. And here come those awful Hansens sneaking up on Bobby Dineen. Watch out, Bobby!
(covering his eyes)
Oh no! Did you see that!

67 INT. HYANNISPORT ARENA - NIGHT 67

The Cape Cod team is on the heels of the Chiefs. Now all the Chiefs and the Cape Codders are battling in the stands with each other and with the fans. The Chiefs' Booster Club is going to tally nuts. Mayhem. The fans are throwing anything they can get their hands on at the Hansens. Several fans are jumping on Jeff who is throwing punches left and right. Dave Carlson is spearing the fans with his stick. A Woman sitting in the center of the violence has begun to scream -- ridiculous, high-pitched, intermittent screams.

WOMAN
Ahh! You're gonna kill him! Ahh!

Braden grabs the screaming Woman.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED 67

BRADEN
Get outta here!

WOMAN
What? Aagh!

BRADEN
Get outta here. They're gonna kill you.

67-A INT. HYANNISPORT ARENA RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT 67-A

HYANNISPORT ANNOUNCER
(freaking)
And to make matters worse, these hooligans who call themselves the Charlestown Chiefs' Booster Club are attacking people in the stands. Grown men and women savagely clubbing innocent Hyannisport spectators with their travel bags.

67-B INT. HYANNISPORT ARENA 67-B

Jeff whirls around and lands a punch on poor Charlie, the trainer, whom he has mistaken for a fan.

CHARLIE
Hey! I'm Charlie.

JEFF
Hold my glasses.

Ahern, worried, always torn, is biting his lip, talking to himself a little.

AHERN
Be tough, Jim.

Ahern socks the aging fan who has just hit him over the head with a bottle.

67-C INT. HYANNISPORT ARENA RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT 67-C

HYANNISPORT ANNOUNCER
This is a disgraceful, disgraceful display. Hyannisport coach, Bill Jenny is screaming at Reggie Dunlop and that man Dunlop is making a perfectly obscene gesture right in Bill's face. And now, the Hyannisport bus driver is out there trying to help and if I could get out there, I'd be out there.

67-D INT. HYANNISPORT ARENA STANDS 67-D

Denis and the Cape Cod goalie are faced off.

DENIS
Take dat mask off you face, Mr. Ugly.

Braden has looked over to his right. Ten rows of men wearing badges are staring at the fight in wrinkled-nose horror.

BRADEN
It's fucking Police Association Night.

REGGIE
(calm, not freaked)
Yah. I know.

Jeff Hansen is using his stick as a javelin. Steve and Jack are, of course, following suit.

67-E INT. HYANNISPORT RADIO BOOTH 67-E

HYANNISPORT ANNOUNCER
(almost in tears)
Never have I seen anything like the savagery and the brutality of the Charlestown Chiefs who are winning eight-four and there's only 1:07 left. They have just made the most vicious assault I have ever seen in hockey. But you can be proud of the Hyannisport Presidents who have battled and they have clawed and they have fought man for man right down to the trainer, to the bus driver, to the general manager. And they have stood up to the Charlestown Chiefs who have gone berserk. If the Commissioner of the Federal Hockey League does not take action against this pack of maniacs, well, I just don't know. (X)

68 INT. CHIEFS' LOCKER ROOM - HYANNISPORT - NIGHT 68

The Chiefs, broken, bleeding, battered wrecks, have returned to the locker room at the end of the brawl. Jeff Hansen looks like something the cat dragged in.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED 68

JEFF
(in good spirits)
Thanks for helping, troops.

Ahern is sort of mumbling to himself.

JACK
(pleasantly)
Here's sodas!

STEVE
Okay!

Jerry Marsh has fallen on the bench. Denis is staring at the floor. He has not removed his mask. (X)

AHERN
You know, for a minute there, I was sort of saying to myself, 'Jim, what are you doing?' You know, sort of wondering about my reasoning.

DENIS
(suddenly)
We get dem. We win.

AHERN
(newly confident)
Yeah, we stomped 'em.

BRADEN
(to Reggie)
You've brought back the old domino routine.

Reggie ignores him.

REGGIE
What hit ya, Jeff?

JEFF
An object. Right in the face.

AHERN
What was it?

JEFF
It may have been a key chain. You know, car keys, house keys ---

BRADEN (X)
Keys to the camper?

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED - 2 68

CHARLIE
Anybody want an ice pack?

STICK BOY
There are three people in the hospital.

AHERN
What?

BRADEN
Jesus Christ.

Braden has opened the locker room door just a crack. There are six uniformed Cops standing in the corridor.

BRADEN
Hi, guys.

COP
The Hansens.

Braden closes the door.

BRADEN
Put the fuckin' bus in gear, Walt. (X)
The cops have come for the Hansens.

Reggie goes to the door, opens it.

COPS
The Hansens.

REGGIE
(whispering to the Cops)
Fellas, I'm throwing up my hands. I just can't control 'em any more. They've got to be punished. Do me a favor and put 'em behind bars.

Reggie closes the door.

REGGIE
(to the Hansens) (X)
Fellas, the police are here for ya. Some kind of misunderstanding.

JEFF
Tell 'em to come in and get us.

BRADEN
They don't want to risk it.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED - 3 68

AHERN
(worried)
There are three people in the hospital?

BRADEN
They're gonna throw the fuckin' book at ya.

JEFF
I was hit by a key chain.

Reggie has opened the door again to deal with the Cops. He's dragging Jeff with him.

REGGIE
Take a look at his chin, fellas. Somebody threw a tire chain. Hit him right in the jaw. Look at these scratches made by human fingernails. The kid has taken a savage beating.

The Cops don't know what to make of the mixed signals they're getting from Reggie. He closes the door on them again and heads for the phone.

REGGIE
I think they're gonna put you in the same jail Ogilthorpe is in.

JEFF (X)
(impressed)
Ogie!

REGGIE
(into phone)
Dickie, it's me, Reg. They're putting the Hansens away on a trumped-up charge. Somebody threw a wrench. Hit Jeff in the face. He was defending Charlestown's honor at the time. The Boosters were with us one hundred percent. Hey, have you seen Francine?

BRADEN
(to Jeff)
They let you make one phone call.

Jeff is blank.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED - 4 68

BRADEN
Look, they book you and then they give you a dime and then they let you make one phone call.

JEFF
(impressed with the generosity)
Yah?

STEVE
Hey!

Jeff is paging through a phone book.

JEFF
(to Steve)
We'll call Pizza Man.

STEVE
Okay.

WANCHUCK
Call a Massage Parlor.

The cops are knocking on the locker room door. Reggie opens it once more. Jack, Jeff and Steve are now aimably giving themselves up.

JACK
(smiling)
Bye, guys.

STEVE
Here we go.

JEFF
Nobody eats my watermelon sticks.

They're waving to their teammates as the cops haul them off.

69 INT. HYANNISPORT JAIL - NIGHT 69

Joe McGrath is handing out Chiefs' T-shirts and key chains to the fuzz. (X)

MC GRATH (X)
You'll never find a greater champion of the pure sport of hockey than me, Sergeant. I knew Eddie Shore, Toe Blake, the Rocket, Gordie Howe, Dit Clapper -- all the greats.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED 69

MC GRATH (Cont'd)
The moment I heard about this little misunderstanding I got into my car and drove straight through that storm, right here.

The tough dipso booking Sergeant is giving McGrath a sour stare. (X)

MC GRATH
(nickel and diming as usual)
I'd like to see the bail a little more reasonable, you know, Sergeant?

No response from the tough, sour dipso Mick behind the desk.

MC GRATH
(hesitating)
When's the trial?

REGGIE
Joe, we can't leave 'em here. These kids are gonna be folk heroes.

SERGEANT
They're criminals.

REGGIE
Officer, most folk heroes have started out as criminals.

MC GRATH
This is an exorbitant sum. I didn't bring that much with me. (X)

Braden is holding a paper sack, plainly marked "Braden's Personal Money."

BRADEN
Hurry it up, Joe. I want to get home.

MC GRATH
(winking at Sergeant)
This young fella is in a hurry because he's got the prettiest young wife you ever saw waiting for him.

REGGIE
She's not happy.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED - 2 69

Braden ignores the remark.

BRADEN
(to Sergeant)
How much are these goons gonna cost me?

Braden is impatiently dumping the contents of his paper bag filled with money on the table.

BRADEN
I want a receipt.

A door in back of the Sergeant opens. The three Hansens are being led out. They are still in their horribly torn uniforms.

JEFF
(cheery; to Reggie)
They frisked us.

STEVE
Yeah!

JACK
(showing his Jail I.D. band)
We got to keep the bracelets.

REGGIE
You guys did a swell job.

The desk sergeant is giving Reggie a poison stare. Braden is trying to get them all out of there before any more trouble starts.

HANSENS
(to Jailers)
Thanks, troops.

69-A EXT. HYANNISPORT JAIL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 69-A

They all troop out to where the Iron Lung and the Booster Club buses are parked. The Booster Club has gone off the deep end. When they see the Hansens free, they go wild.

REGGIE
(loud; to the brothers)
You're getting a reputation.

CONTINUED

69-A CONTINUED 69-A

Jack is a little blank.

BRADEN
(explaining)
People hate you because you're disgusting.

REGGIE
(precise)
People in other towns hate you.

BRADEN
Right. The folks in Charlestown are learning to love you because you're just like them.

JACK
(in a burst of clarity)
Reggie's our coach!

STEVE
Yup!

JACK
Ned bailed us out.

STEVE
Hey!

BRADEN
I'm charging interest.

Jeff Hansen has been scratching the top of his head during most of the preceding exchange. He has pulled from his scalp a large piece of jagged brown glass.

JEFF
I knew that bozo hit me with a bottle.

JACK
That's what you said.

69-B INT. CHIEFS' BUS 69-B

Inside the Iron Lung, the Chiefs are waiting. By now the bruises from the Hyannisport fight are swollen up blue and ugly. The cuts around the eyes and lips have had a chance to pucker and the awful soreness has set in along with fatigue. Upton collapses in his seat.

CONTINUED

69-B CONTINUED 69-B

UPTON
(to Braden)
I'm too old to be playing this way.

BRADEN
This isn't sport. This is show biz.

DENIS
(sneering)
My nervous are falling. My kidney is ---

REGGIE
(enthusiastic)
Guys, we're in the playoffs as of right now.

HANSENS
Hey!

CARLSON
Right!

WANCHUK (X)
Okay!

Walt revs up the Iron Lung. (X)

70 OMITTED 70

71 EXT. PARKING LOT - WAR MEMORIAL - NIGHT 71 (X)

Cars wait in the snow-filled parking lot. The women have congregated in two cars. There is a large collection of Charlestownians also gathered to welcome home their hero.

72 INT. MARSH CAR - WAR MEMORIAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 72 (X) (X)

Andrea Marsh, 22, Shirley Upton, 30, Pam Boroff, 28, are in fake fur and costume jewelry -- make-up perfect -- three women waiting for men. Lily Braden is wearing a black cape over her flannel nightgown. She is staring at Dickie's newspaper story: HANSENS JAILED ON BUM RAP. (Andrea, Shirley, and Pam speak in the inane and dispassionately cautious singsong peculiar to the wives of athletes.)

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED 72

ANDREA
Aren't those Hansens something?

SHIRLEY
Aren't they though?

Shirley takes a hit of whiskey from a hip flask and passes it to Andrea, who swigs a hit.

ANDREA
They're sort of funny looking.

PAM
Real funny looking.

ANDREA
But they're probably real good guys.

SHIRLEY
Underneath.

PAM
They couldn't be as dumb as they look.

LILY
(the provocateur)
Yes they could.

Andrea starts to giggle.

ANDREA
I'm getting tipsy.

LILY
I've been shit-face for the past week.

SHIRLEY
I only drink in the afternoon or before a game.
(a beat)
Or when Johnny's away.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED - 2 72

PAM
Me too.

LILY
If I'm not tight, I can't stand it.

ANDREA
(taking another swig)
Oooh -- that's terrible.

72-A EXT. THE CHIEFS' BUS - NIGHT 72-A

It is moving along the highway just outside town.

72-B INT. CHIEFS' BUS - NIGHT 72-B

Inside the bus the Chiefs are a wreck, most of them passed out in the arms of various Booster Club members. Walt is unconscious so Jack is driving, singing "On the Wings of a Snow White Dove." As the Iron Lung begins its descent into Charlestown, Braden pulls himself up from a card game and has Jack let him out...in an area on the outskirts of town. Reggie watches him get out and Braden's mysteriousness pisses him off no end.

73 EXT. WAR MEMORIAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 73

The Chiefs return home. The Booster Club exits the bus along with them -- hung over, bruised, half naked, unshaven, disgusting. The players wave at the cheering crowd.

74 EXT. PARKING LOT - LILY - NIGHT 74

She determines quickly that Braden is not among the players and starts toward her van. Reggie sees her and starts after her.

REGGIE
Lily!

She gets into her van, ignoring him.

REGGIE
Lily, wait up!

She is pulling the van out of the parking lot. Reggie flings the door open and barely gets in as it careens off.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED 74

REGGIE
Hi.

LILY
Get out.

REGGIE
Let's go someplace. You know the Aces?

LILY
Bully.

REGGIE
Sticks and stones.

LILY
Goon.

REGGIE
Screw the sociology. Let's start something.

LILY
Get the fuck out. I'm going home.

REGGIE
Yeah? Well, where's Braden going? (X)

From the back seat the dog has jumped on Reggie's lap.

REGGIE
Beat it, cur.

She has hit the brakes hard on the icy road, and the van is swerving madly across lanes, up onto the sidewalk, near missing a stop sign and back on the road.

REGGIE
I got a better idea. Let's die in bed.

LILY
You're nuts.

REGGIE
You married a wierdo. He's not going with the traffic.

LILY
Speaking of wierdos.

REGGIE
Not me. I'm normal.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED - 2 74

LILY
You're not normal. You're abnormal.

REGGIE
It's more normal to be like me than to be like Braden and you know it.

LILY
Yeah, well then normal is fucked.

REGGIE
How come you talk dirty?

LILY
Cuz my family has money.

REGGIE
Leave him. My wife left me. I was driving her nuts. On purpose, now that I think about it. All she could do was drink and cry like you.

LILY
Anybody who'd marry you would have to be crazy to begin with.

REGGIE
Now she has a job and everytime she sees me, it drives me nuts because I know she's asking herself, 'Why'd I get mixed up with that bum in the first place?'

LILY
Good question.

REGGIE
In a year, you'll be asking yourself the same thing about Braden. He treats you like shit.

LILY
He told me the only reason you were paying any attention to me was to make him crazy so that he'd fight.

REGGIE
(grins)
Sure, that's part of it. But mainly it's cuz I think you're a champ. Only you got to stop killing yourself.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED - 3 74

She screeches to a horrible halt, and leaning across throws open the van door.

REGGIE
My place. What a coincidence.

LILY
Get out.

REGGIE
You gotta roll with it, kid. Use your imagination. That's what I been doing. I can get you straight. (X)

LILY
(she is crying)
Beat it.

REGGIE
See ya later.

He gets out and she roars off. He watches after her a second and mounts the steps to his apartment.

75 and 76 OMITTED 75 and 76

77 INT. DRUGSTORE - BIG KING DRUG - DAY 77

The Hansens, bright and cheery, are sitting at the lunch counter, eating candy, sucking on Cokes and trading their comics. Reggie enters and involuntarily winces when he sees them. (X)

JACK
Here's Reg.

JEFF
Hi, Reg.

STEVE
Morning, Coach.

The cook is reading the Sports Section -- blazoned HANSENS JAILED ON BUM RAP. Reggie can barely focus.

REGGIE
(to Hansens)
Everybody's proud of you guys. They're talking about ya in the streets.

Jeff offers Reg a comic book. (X)

JEFF (X)
You want a 'White Avenger?'

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED 77

REGGIE (Cont'd)
(to waitress)
Gimme a coffee.

Dickie Dunn, the sportswriter, is flopped on one end of the counter. Like everyone else (except the Hansens), he looks on the verge of death. Morning in Charlestown can be a terrible experience.

REGGIE
Great tribute to the boys there, Dick.

DICKIE
I tried to capture the spirit of the thing.

REGGIE
(to Hansens)
Guys, you know Dickie Dunn.

The Hansens are totally blank.

REGGIE
(enunciating with trouble)
He wrote the article in the paper.

JEFF
Him?

DICKIE
I tried to capture the spirit of the thing.

JEFF
That guy?

REGGIE
(quickly)
Lemme buy ya breakfast, Dick. Uh, we're trying to acquire Ogilthorpe.

DICKIE
I thought he was in prison.

The cook, wearing an "Aggressive Hockey is Back in Town" shirt, is serving up greasy coffee, greasy Cokes, and a grotesque pile of hamburgers for the Hansens. Reggie makes a trip to the front of the store, peering across the street towards Francine's beauty parlor.

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED - 2 77

COOK
You guys put the stops on that pussy pack! Huh!

HANSENS
We nailed 'em!

CUSTOMER
You guys were wailing last night.

HANSENS
Hey!

REGGIE
(croaking)
Hey!

DICKIE
I tried to capture the spirit of the thing. The arrest, the breach of justice, defending the honor of a dying community ---

REGGIE
(standing, to the whole counter)
Come to the game tonight. Compliments of the Chiefs!

Reggie is giving tickets to the waitress, cook, customers, etc.

STEVE
(pleased)
Free tickets!

DICKIE
(to Jeff)
Tell me more about the arrest.

Denis is moaning in front of the prescription counter, as a Pretty Girl in a white smock fills some bottles for him.

DENIS
Oooh -- oooh.

Reggie hurries by Denis on his way to the front to look over at Francine's parlor again.

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED - 3 77

REGGIE
(in passing, loud enough for salesgirl to hear)
Hi, kid. You really taught that guy a lesson last night. You were sensational.

GIRL
(laughing)
I guess that was a big fight.

DENIS
Justice.

GIRL
Are you in pain?

DENIS
No, it hurt like 'ell.

GIRL
You poor thing.

DENIS
I play tonight in shock. You come to da game? If I see you dere, it make me feel better -- a little.

GIRL
Look, I'll make you a double dose of this stuff. You won't feel nothing.

DENIS
Good.

Wanchuk and Ahern are being helped by a luscious young sleep-walker in a white uniform. Wanchuk has a huge Band-Aid across his nose. (X)

Reggie can hear the conversation as he shoplifts "Hockey News," still preoccupied with the parlour across the street.

WANCHUK (X)
It's a very deep cut -- an abrasion.

AHERN
He got it in the fight last night. I was helping him.

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED - 4 77

COOK (o.s.)
We're gonna cream those pussies tonight.

HANSENS (o.s.)
Yeah.

The entire drugstore has been taken over by the Chiefs. Suddenly Reggie reacts to what he sees across the street.

78 EXT. GREYWOOD BOULEVARD 78

Reggie quickly exits the drugstore. Carlson and Drouin are speeding by in Carlson's car. Carlson drives with his head out the window.

REGGIE
(screaming)
Hey, Killer!

Carlson leans on the horn and runs a red light, nearly massacring several aged pedestrians. Reggie crosses the street, heading for the beauty parlor.

REGGIE
(to himself)
Fuckin' wearing me out.

He pretends to be looking the other way when Francine approaches.

FRANCINE
Reggie.

REGGIE
(whirling around)
Oh, hello there, darlin', how are ya?

FRANCINE
You look a thousand years old.

REGGIE
(beat)
Long bus ride. D'you listen to the game on the radio?

FRANCINE
Of course not.

She has already succeeded in driving him nuts.

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED 78

REGGIE
(defensive)
Hey, we got a new attitude, Francine, and it's bringing us success.

FRANCINE
Any slob can fight.

REGGIE
Francine, I swear to ya. The Chiefs are going to be sitting pretty down in Florida when this stinkin' town is just a memory.

At the mention of the word "Florida," Francine's big eyes narrow; she is looking right through Reggie. She smiles knowingly.

REGGIE
(reacting)
Hey, Francine, I personally have been talking with the owner.
(a beat)
That's why I been too busy to call you. I mean, every waking hour I'm on the phone with the guy, helping him with the deal and ---

FRANCINE
(impatient)
I'm moving, Reggie.

REGGIE
What?

FRANCINE
Long Island. A gal who used to work in the shop works there now and there's a spot for me. Business here is just dead.

REGGIE
You really goin'?

FRANCINE
(sweetly)
Reggie, we gotta get divorced one of these days. I mean, I could meet somebody. You could meet somebody. You know.

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED - 2 78.

REGGIE
Yah.

FRANCINE
Well, don't look so sad.

REGGIE
Francine, you know I ---

A Bermuda Belle car horn sounds. Reggie looks up. It's Carlson and Drouin speeding around the block again. The Hansen Brothers wearing cowboy hats are in the back seat. Pedestrians are taking notice of them, waving at the brothers, saluting them, etc.

CARLSON
Reggie!

REGGIE
Hey, killer!

The Hansens are leaning out the back window, saluting Reggie with their Cokes. Another four-note honk on the Bermuda Belle. Reggie turns back to Francine, who is now looking impatient and pissed off.

FRANCINE
Look, I'm late. I'll write you when I get settled.

REGGIE
(trying to stay cool)
I'll try to come over before you go.

79 INT. MC GRATH'S OFFICE - LATER SATURDAY 79

McGrath is tacking the paste-up of a new Chiefs' promotion to his wall.

REGGIE
Sucks.

MC GRATH
Just a minute ---

REGGIE
Make it mean.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED 79

MC GRATH
This here is a very fine ---

REGGIE
Put some blood on it. Show somebody getting hurt. A groin injury. Stick the fuckin' map of Florida in the background. Get some tits in there and a little 'For Sale' sign down in the corner.

McGrath is eyeing Reggie with suspicion and distaste. Reggie stares up at one of the old team pictures on McGrath's wall.

REGGIE
(softening)
Jesus, Joe, remember the big game in Peterboro in sixty-eight?

McGrath is still pissed.

REGGIE
Remember when Jacky St. Pierre's wife left him and it started snowing like hell soon as we got to the motel?

MC GRATH
(very tentative, suspicious)
Yeah?

REGGIE
And Jacky had a keg sent in?

MC GRATH
Yes. Poor Jacky. He had a future. I told him to watch that drunk driving.

REGGIE
Jesus Christ, Joe, remember we got so fuckin' shitface and Jacky was tellin' everybody he was gonna get Jill back if he had to beg her?

MC GRATH
I told him not to do that. I told him to keep his dignity.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED - 2 79

REGGIE
I thought he shoulda done it. She was a dynamite broad. Remember how shitface we got?

MC GRATH
I liked Jacky.

REGGIE
He coulda been great.

MC GRATH
Yeah.

REGGIE
Remember afterwards I went up to your room and you were dressed in chick's clothes?

MC GRATH
What?

REGGIE
Remember I went up to your room and you had on a black bra with tassels?

McGrath is stunned speechless. It is an outrageous lie, but what can he do?

REGGIE
(wistful)
You were dancing in front of the mirror in that zebra-skin jockstrap? Remember?

McGrath is horrified at the thought.

REGGIE
Remember I screamed at ya when you started coming on to me? And I told ya to stop it because I was ashamed of ya?

McGrath is losing his composure.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED - 3 79

REGGIE
I just wanted to tell ya I'd forgotten all that cuz in the years that have passed, I've become sexually liberated and I don't give a shit who's a faggot no more. Who cares, huh? It's natural. It's all around us.

McGrath is shaking his head in despair at the lengths to which Reggie will go.

REGGIE
I can understand all that now.
(a beat)
Who's the owner, Joe?

McGrath is babbling to himself at his desk. Reggie takes a piece of paper and the pen out of the desk folder.

REGGIE
The name and the address.

He shoves the paper and pen at McGrath.

80 EXT. GREYWOOD BOULEVARD 80

Reggie is leaving the War Memorial. He crosses "Central Park," a block square of dead grass dotted with benches. The fried brains, retards and winos are out in full force. Carlson's bermuda Belle is blaring in the distance. Brakes are squealing.

REGGIE
Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

81 INT. BROWNIE'S CAFE 81

Reggie enters the cafe. Braden, Upton, Ahern, Wanchuck, Yvon Lebrun are playing cards in the corner. (X)

BRADEN
Hey, Reg, is Ogilthorpe playing tonight?

Reggie heads immediately for the wall phone.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED 81

REGGIE
He's playing your mother.

Braden laughs. Reggie takes out the piece of paper, dials.

Braden is stoking on a big cigar, cleaning up in the card game.

BRADEN
I think Reggie's calling Florida.
See how the sale is going.

AHERN
Reg! I wanna chair by the pool.

WANCHUK
I want some snatch by the pool.

Reggie hangs up, disgusted -- no success. He looks at his watch.

AHERN
C'mon, Reg. Ned'll deal you in.

REGGIE
(heading for
the door)
I gotta make a tape at the station.

AHERN
(worried)
What?

REGGIE
It'll be played at four. Listen
to it.

82 INT. RADIO BOOTH - SATURDAY AFTERNOON 82

CARR
That was some road trip for the
Chiefs, Reg. Six straight wins
and a whole new rash of penalty
minutes.

REGGIE
Yah, we got a whole new attitude.

CARR
What about the Hansen Brothers?

REGGIE
What about 'em?

CARR
They're not just bullies?

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED 82

REGGIE
Whadya mean 'just bullies?' They scare the bejesus out of everybody.

Jim Carr is dumbstruck.

CARR
Deliberately?

REGGIE
Hey, I want the folks to come on down to the War Memorial tonight and watch us cream those punks from Syracuse.

83 INT. REGGIE'S APARTMENT - LATER SUNDAY AFTERNOON 83

Reggie rolls into his apartment, unmistakably weary. He draws the drapes. The picture window looks out on a huge blue flame from the Lebanon Steel Mill. The walls of the apartment are covered with pictures of old games -- in all of these, Reggie figures prominently. Reggie flips on the radio and goes to the fridge to get himself a beer -- all the while undressing.

CARR (v.o.)
Is it true that Dave Carlson has changed his name to Killer?

REGGIE (v.o.)
Why not? He's a positive thinker.

CARR (v.o.)
What's the latest on the sale of the Chiefs?

REGGIE (v.o.)
I hear that negotiations are going good. And I got another announcement for the folks. I'm putting a bounty on the head of Tim McCracken. As you know, he's the coach and chief punk on the Syracuse team.

CARR (v.o.)
A bounty?

REGGIE (v.o.)
A hundred bucks of my own money to the first of my men who gets him.

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED 83

REGGIE (Cont'd)
Tonight at eight o'clock. At the War Memorial. Syracuse versus the all-new Charlestown Chiefs.

CARR (v.o.) (X)
(choking)
Thanks, Reg.

Reggie is flopped on the bed in his underwear. He's had a chance for about two minutes of sleep when the phone rings.

REGGIE
Hullo.

MC GRATH (v.o.)
(screaming)
Are you nuts?

REGGIE
Bullshit.

MC GRATH (v.o.)
A bounty! We could all land in the clinker for this.

REGGIE
Big deal.

MC GRATH (v.o.)
You can't put a bounty on a man's head.

REGGIE
I just did.

Reggie hangs up and goes back to sleep. The phone rings.

REGGIE
Yah?

DICKIE (v.o.)
Is that true?

REGGIE
(rolling his eyes)
Yes, Dick, that's true.

Reggie hangs up and rolls over. The phone rings.

REGGIE
Yah?

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED - 2 83

CARLSON (v.o.)
It's Killer.

REGGIE
Hey, Killer.

CARLSON (v.o.)
I want that hundred dollars.

In the b.g. Reggie can overhear Carlson's "Power of Positive Thinking" records.

REGGIE
You gotta earn it, Killer.

CARLSON (v.o.)
My attitude is right.

REGGIE
Okay, kid.

Reggie hangs up.

REGGIE
James fucking Christ. (X)

He takes the phone off the hook and rolls over, trying to fall asleep.

There is a knock on the door. Reggie can't believe it. He goes to the door, opens it and is almost knocked over by Braden's St. Bernard, Ruby, who is making a bee-line for Reggie's bed. Reggie is in despair.

LILY
Hi.

Lily is holding a suitcase; she is pushing several cardboard boxes across the threshhold.

LILY
Well, I hate to admit it, but I think you're one hundred per cent correct.

She goes back to the corridor to fetch a few more cardboard boxes.

LILY
(unpacking)
I have been going about this all wrong and I probably am terrific but I've been so depressed and so

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED - 3 83

LILY (Cont'd)
berserk that I'd forgotten about myself totally. I was a dead woman but I'm going to change all that.

She goes out for some more boxes.

REGGIE
What's in the boxes?

LILY
The wedding presents my side gave. Fifty-fifty -- right? Anyway, the reason I'm here is that I need a place to hide while I figure out what's happening, get a grip on myself, and start using my imagination. You know what I mean?
(a beat)
Go with the traffic.

Reggie is staring at her, dumbfounded, then looks in despair at Ruby who is curled up on his pillow.

REGGIE
I was going to take a nap before the game.

LILY
Oh, she won't mind. She's great to sleep with. Ned sleeps with her before every game. Her breathing makes him feel more secure.

83-A INT. REGGIE'S KITCHEN - DAY 83-A

Lily is making herself at home.

LILY
I brought some groceries. It's the first time I've felt like eating something in weeks. You want some spaghetti?
(no answer)
Reggie?

She pokes her head into his room. He is lying down next to the dog who is snoring.

84 EXT. WAR MEMORIAL - 6 P.M. - SATURDAY 84

A weary Reggie pulls his Mustang into the parking lot.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED 84

An ambulance with American Emergency emblazoned on its side is parked ominously near the entrance to the War Memorial. Reggie cruises up beside the driver who is listening to Kathryn Kuhlman on the radio.

REGGIE
Run the siren.

DRIVER
What?

REGGIE
I'm paying for this. Run the fucking siren.

The siren begins to wail. A woman approaching the parking lot is hiding her eyes in horror.

DRIVER
(to Reggie)
I could -- uh, circle. It would cost you but I could do that.

Reggie glares at the driver and then hands him a ten. The ambulance begins to circle the War Memorial, slowly, slowly, its siren wailing in the night.

85 INT. WAR MEMORIAL 85

Reggie, leather topcoat over a jivy suit, hurries into the War Memorial. He trots through the stands, climbing up the ladder to the Organist's perch. The Organist is fumbling with his sheet music.

ORGANIST
Hi, Reg.

Reggie picks up the sheet music and rips it to shreds.

REGGIE
(screaming)
Don't ever play 'Lady of Spain' again!

86 OMITTED 86

87 INT. WAR MEMORIAL ARENA 87

Reggie heads for the Chiefs' locker room. He crosses the path of the Syracuse Bulldogs who are entering their locker room -- polyester double-knits, gear bags and scars a scar-faced goon stops and stares at him.

REGGIE
Hey there, McCracken.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED 87

MC CRACKEN
Dunlop, you suck cock in your spare time.

REGGIE
(smiling)
All I can get.

88 INT. CHIEFS' LOCKER ROOM 88

Reggie enters the locker room, waving a 100 dollar bill.

CHIEFS (EXCEPT BRADEN)
Hey, Reg. Hey.

Reggie begins to hurriedly undress -- talking all the while.

REGGIE
Get on that ice and let 'em know you're there. Get that fuckin' stick in his side and let him know you're there. Get that lumber in his teeth and let him know you're there.

BRADEN
Bleed all over him. Let him know you're there.

Reggie is ignoring Braden.

REGGIE
You say to yourself, 'That son-of-a-bitch isn't gonna score on me.' Cuz he can't score a goal when he's on his ass. He can't score on ya when he's seen injured.

McGrath has entered the locker room, visibly shaken.

REGGIE
We got a sellout crowd out there tonight. We have made this town sit up and take notice.

MC GRATH
Boys, there's been a death threat.

JACK
Okay!

MC GRATH
The threat was on you.

JACK
(still oblivious)
How much?

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED 88

The grunts, groans and yells emanating from the adjacent Syracuse locker room are growing louder and louder.

MC GRATH
A muffled voice said, 'Jack Hansen dies after the second period.'

UPTON
I'd like to kill the s.o.b. who made that threat. What kind of talk is that anyway?

Braden is staring at Upton -- shaking his head. His last ally has fallen by the wayside.

REGGIE
(to Upton)
Kill McCracken instead.

AHERN
(worried)
You think he knows which one Jack is? In the suits, we all look alike.

DENIS
Somebody kill Jack?

BRADEN
Only if we're very lucky.

89 EXT. WAR MEMORIAL ARENA - SATURDAY NIGHT 89

A huge sign reading: "NICKLE BEER NIGHT."

Crowds are jamming the building. Something rather novel is happening: The fans themselves are dressed for blood, wearing motorcycle boots, lots of leather (vinyl), sleeves rolled up to show obscene tattos. There is a huge fight in progress in the parking lot -- a head smashed on car number. A policeman standing near the fight is doing nothing.

90 and 91 INT. WAR MEMORIAL ARENA 90 and 91

The fans, a sellout crowd, loaded on the free beer, are gooing bananas. A sign over one section of the arena reads: HANSEN BROTHERS FAN CLUB. The fans beneath that sign are noticeably more depraved than the rest. They are also wearing fake noses and black glasses. Braden and Tim McCracken are in the face-off circle. McCracken has a scar from his hairline to his cheek. He is so loaded on speed that his pupils are pinned to the size of nothing at all.

CONTINUED

90 and 91 CONTINUED 90 and 91

CARR
Reg Dunlop has placed a one hundred dollar bounty on the head of famed Syracuse stickman Tim McCracken. McCracken, who's also known as Dr. Hook for his scalpel-like prowess with the stick, has been known to carve a man's eye out with a flick of the wrist.

As Braden calmly picks a discharge shell out of the ice, McCracken is making weird little twisting gestures with his stick. Braden hands the shell to the Referee who examines it and shrugs.

MC CRACKEN
A hundred bucks says you're gonna crack my skull? Huh?

BRADEN
I wouldn't crack your knuckles for a hundred bucks.

MC CRACKEN
So he's bluffing?

BRADEN
Well, somebody's gonna kill ya, ya dumb son of a bitch, but it's not gonna be me.

92 INT. ARENA 92

McCracken checks Braden into the boards. He is trying to jam the butt of his stick into Braden's eye, but Braden is about six inches taller than McCracken and he has no trouble pushing him away -- with all his usual practiced disdain. The crowd is booing Braden.

93 INT. ARENA - CHIEFS' BENCH 93

REGGIE
(watching Braden)
Hit him, ya stinking coward.

94 INT. ARENA 94

Braden is racing down the ice -- he scores unassisted. The crowd is still booing him.

95 INT. ARENA - CHIEF' BENCH 95

REGGIE
You're pussy.

BRADEN
Hey, I just scored a goal, ya fuckin' ---

REGGIE
A pussy goal.

BRADEN
Come to think of it -- I like pussy.

REGGIE
Yeah, well, how come your wife ---

Braden nails Reggie right in the gums. Blood is pouring out of his mouth. He doesn't even bother to punch Braden; it's pointless.

REGGIE
You're so fuckin' smart that you're too smart.

In the b.g., McCracken and Carson are trying to kill each other.

REGGIE
(yelling, blood spurting out of his mouth)
Get 'em, killer.

BRADEN
I score goals and I skate. That's how we win.

REGGIE
They don't want to see you score goals. They want blood. They booed ya.

BRADEN
We win cuz I score goals!

REGGIE
(his attention on the Carson; McCracken fight)
Kiss my ass. We win cuz I make 'em crazy. That's it, killer!

In the last rows of the stands, a uniformed policeman is

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED 95

wrestling with a fan who is armed and wearing a sandwich board which reads "I INTEND TO KILL JACK HANSEN."

BRADEN
Well, you don't make me crazy.

REGGIE
I will.
(turns to him)
Until you learn to play the Chiefs' way, I'm benching ya. You want ice time, you just tell me when you're ready to play my way. Okay?

96 and 97 INT. CHIEFS' ARENA 96 and 97

It's now just after the first period. The Chiefs are lined up in front of the bench. The three Hansens, Reggie and Dr. Martin (a straight) and McGrath are standing at a microphone at center ice. Someone has just thrown a dead chicken tied to a beer bottle on the ice. The scoreboard shows the Chiefs leading Syracuse 6-0. A rout.

DR. MARTIN
(bending down close to mike)
It's come to our attention that you fellas are in bad need of new glasses, so on behalf of my office I'd like to present you three guys with three pairs of safety glasses which ought to come in handy in some of those scrapes you been getting in.

JACK
Yah, thanks a lot, Doc.

Jack and the brothers shake hands with the patronizing optometrist and put on their new glasses (clumsy black-rimmed jobs) as the crowd applauds and McGrath beams.

REGGIE
(to Jack)
They make your face look silly.

Jack's expression contorts into a mask of rage. He throws the glasses on the ice and stomps on them with his skate. Steve and Jeff follow suit. The crowd loves the action. Such impudence! Such blatant, unabashed ingratitude. McGrath is freaking. Reggie is just fine. Out of the corner of his eyes, Reggie has noticed that Braden is climbing up the steps towards the radio booth. He is being booed and pelted by the crowd.

98 INT. RADIO BOOTH - CHIEFS' ARENA 98

CARR
Is it true that you've been benched, Ned?

BRADEN
Yes. A real first in my professional career. I have been benched.

CARR
Why is that?

BRADEN
I won't fight.

CARR
You could be playing again if you fought.

BRADEN
Just say I'm chicken shit.

Carr makes a move to cut them off the air, but Braden is there before him, covering the switch with his hand.

CARR
(trying to stay calm)
Why would a person with your education and your family connections be playing hockey?

BRADEN
I hate my father.

CARR
You do.

BRADEN
Yes, I do. I'm also having a lot of problems at home.

CARR
You are?

BRADEN
I just said I was, didn't I?

CARR
What ---

BRADEN
They're primarily sexual problems. I'm very perverse.

98-A INT. MC GRATH'S OFFICE 98-A

McGrath, listening to the small set in his office with horror, leaps up and dashes out the door along the stands, towards the radio booth.

CONTINUED

98-B RADIO BOOTH 98-B

CARR
Do you ---

BRADEN
See, I come down to the rink every day to be away from my wife. We fight day and night. She wants me to quit hockey and go home and become a rich hippie like all our friends. You may have noticed her. She's the only good-looking piece of ass in Charlestown. She also has a drinking problem. At the moment I have no idea where she is.

CARR
(now struggling to get the mike away from Braden and still maintain his professional radio voice)
If you could ---

BRADEN
Come to think of it, I'm probably not as perverse as Reggie Dunlop who is the most perverse human I personally have ever met.

CARR
(desperate)
How do you feel about the....

BRADEN
Why do you wear that rug? It sticks out like a goddamn sore thumb. It's just sensationally ugly. You're going bald, man. Can't you face up to that?

CARR
(an outburst)
Well, at least I'm not chickenshit like you!

BRADEN
(shouting)
Ladies and gentlemen, what you're hearing is the truth. Jim Carr is telling the truth. He just got angry right here on the air and the truth slipped out -- can you believe it?

98-A CONTINUED - 2 98-A

McGrath has come into the booth -- frantic, dismayed, trying to grab the mike away from Braden. Jim Carr is trying to hit the switch to off the program, but Braden has overpowered them both. (X)

MC GRATH
(yelling into mike)
The boys like to joke around now and then ---

BRADEN
(grabbing the mike)
I'm not joking, you sawed-off old fart, I'm telling the truth!
(screaming)
I wanta talk about violence. Ladies and gentlemen, suckers fall for violence. Suckers like you. Gimme that, goddamn it! (X)

McGrath tries to retrieve the mike and Braden backhands him out of the booth and down the steps outside.

99 EXT. CHARLESTOWN STREET - DAY 99

Reggie, unshaven, is driving madly through the streets of Charlestown. He appears to be talking to himself. Approaching Reggie's beat-up Mustang on the other side of the street, is a vision in black. Billy Charlebois is driving his black Thunderbird with the all-black interior; he is wearing his black leather coat with the black fur collar, and his beautiful white face and white hair float like the full moon on a starless night. Next to him in the front seat are the Sparkle Twins wearing, for some unexplained reason, orchid corsages on their Chiefs' t-shirts. Reggie stops "talking to himself" to salute Billy.

99-A INT. REGGIE'S MUSTANG 99-A

Actually, it is to Lily Braden, crouched on the floor of the front seat of his car, that Reggie is talking with as they speed through Charlestown.

REGGIE
You're gonna be set, Lily. You're taking your destiny by the throat and you're in the driver's seat.
(he looks down at her) (X)
You're not having second thoughts, are you?

99-A CONTINUED 99-A

LILY
Sometimes I think I get it and sometimes I think it's horseshit.

They are pulling up before Gilda's Cut n Curl, a tacky beauty salon.

REGGIE
Doubt is human but stick with Reg. He's on a roll. It'll work, for sure. (X)

99-B INT. GILDA'S CUT N CURL 99-B

Reggie is walking into the beauty salon with Lily and the dog in tow. Francine, in a pink nylon smock, is washing someone's hair.

REGGIE
(walking right up to her)
Darlin'.

Francine is staring at Lily who is wearing her black cape and her Adidas running shoes.

REGGIE
This is Lily Braden. She's Ned Braden's wife, but she's sort of on waivers now.

Francine is not amused. She takes one of her deep breaths.

REGGIE
Lily was in the market for a perm and I said to her, 'Hey, no one better than ole Francine.'

LILY
Hi.

FRANCINE
You want an appointment?

LILY
Sure.

REGGIE
The works. I'm payin' for the whole thing, Francine. I'll reimburse you tomorrow.

CONTINUED

99-B CONTINUED 99-B

Reggie looks at his watch, kisses Francine, kisses Lily and hurries out to his car.

REGGIE
(calling back to them)
You gals be careful.

FRANCINE
(pointing to a pile of movie mags)
We have 'TV Radio Mirror' and 'Modern Screen'.

LILY
You were married to him?

FRANCINE
That's all over. Don't be fooled by him, honey. He's totally off his rocker.

LILY
He's pretty hyper.

FRANCINE
(shaking her head)
Tricky. You can't believe a word he says.

LILY
I left my husband too.

FRANCINE
(brightening)
Oh it's lousy at first -- getting readjusted. You think you're dying. Then it's fabulous. You become a new woman.

LILY
I want to start fresh ---

She glances critically at her straight hair in the mirror.

LILY
...But I dunno ---

Francine is staring at Lily in the mirror. She's had a beautician's inspiration and she's smiling -- pleased with that little stirring in her soul.

CONTINUED

99-B CONTINUED - 2 99-B

FRANCINE
You know something, if you did your cheekbones better, you could look like Cher.

100 thru 119 OMITTED 100 thru 119

120 EXT. CHARLESTOWN HIGHWAY - DAY 120

Reggie is driving out of Charlestown.

121 EXT. MC CAMBRIDGE HOUSE - LIGONIER - DAY 121

Ligonier, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Charlestown, has a population of 3,000 and the third highest per capita income of any community in the U.S.

Reggie turns his beat-up Mustang into a street dotted with staggering, albeit boring, WASP mansions and pulls up into a driveway of one of them -- a white crypto Colonial job. The name on the mailbox is MC CAMBRIDGE.

A suburban matron, 35, is pulling a load of groceries from a station wagon parked in the driveway. Three lovely children are bounding across the lawn after a St. Bernard who is dragging a sled. The woman has a spectacularly good figure for a mother of three. All around are the signs of Eastern (good money) suburban affluence -- two station wagons, a Mercedes, a paddock, a kennel, snowmobile, tractor, skis, etc. A black maid has exited the house to help with the food. Seeing Reggie's car, a slight look of panic passes across the Missus' face.

REGGIE
I'm Reg Dunlop. I'm here to see your husband.

ANITA
(pleasant)
Oh, yes, how do you do? I'm Anita McCambridge. Do you think you could help Louise with these bags? Thanks.
(shouting after one of the children)
Michael, put on your jacket right now, please.

122 INT. MC CAMBRIDGE LIVING ROOM - DAY 122

Reggie is as nervous as a cat. He's totally out of his element. Anita McCambridge is waiting for him to start talking.

REGGIE
Uh, where's your husband?

ANITA
He's in puppy heaven.

Reggie looks a little confused, a little panicked.

ANITA
I own the Chiefs -- lock, stock and barrel.

REGGIE
Nice place you got here.

A beat. She's obviously waiting for him to tell her why he's there.

REGGIE
Well, I'll tell you the truth, Mrs. McCambridge ---

ANITA
Anita.

REGGIE
Anita, yah. Well, we all read about the possibility of a sale -- you know, to Florida, and the guys have been real anxious to know what's really been going on. I guess I'm their representative.
(a beat)
We've been doin' real well.

ANITA
My accountant is certainly pleased.

REGGIE
How's the sale goin' then?

She watches him carefully.

ANITA
Fine.

REGGIE
Yeah?

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED 122

ANITA
Yes. Do you think you'll like Florida?

REGGIE
(nervous)
Yeah.

Anita begins to giggle. She hands Reggie a straight Scotch.

ANITA
(pleasantly, almost complicit)
You're very clever. It's been so much fun waiting to see what you'd do next.

Reggie flashes his best "I'm totally confused" look.

ANITA
(laughing)
Those articles in the paper have been so funny. That sportswriter -- you've really got his number.

Reggie braves a little smile.

ANITA
And those radio interviews. Oh, God! Really fantastic.

Anita is pouring him another belt.

ANITA
And those Hansens. Oh, God.

REGGIE
Attendance has quadrupled, you know.

ANITA
Yes. I mean I'm in the black for the first time in four years.

REGGIE
Yah? That's great.

ANITA
I guess I owe that to you. Thank you.

REGGIE
Oh, well, you know -- uh, you could sell us easy then.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED - 2 122

ANITA
I could probably get some interest, yes.

REGGIE
Oh, hey, that's great.

He raises his glass to her.

REGGIE
That's just great, Anita. Cuz you know, for five months now I been trying to prove to ya -- without even knowing who you were -- you know -- that you were wrong and we could get somebody interested in the Chiefs. We got a real good chance to sew the whole thing up tonight. We're gonna cream those guys.

ANITA
Terrific. But you have to understand that I can't make enough of a profit to have a sale be worthwhile. My accountant tells me I'm better off folding the team and taking a tax loss.

Reggie is dumfounded.

REGGIE
You could sell us but you won't?

ANITA
I could probably sell you but I can't.

REGGIE
You know we're human beings, you know.

Anita stares at him, doesn't respond. After a pause ---

ANITA
You know I have to confess that I have never let the children watch a hockey game.

REGGIE
No?

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED - 3 122

ANITA
I have a theory that children imitate what they see on the TV screen. If they see wars, they'll go to war. If they see someone stick up a bank, they'll stick up a bank. Like Patty Hearst.

Reggie is pushing the ice in his drink with his finger.

ANITA
Heroin, you name it.

REGGIE
You're fucked.

ANITA
(giggling)
What?

REGGIE
You're totally fucked.
(a beat)
You're garbage for letting all of us go down the drain.

ANITA
Are you serious?

REGGIE
You're screwed. You could sell us. We're hot. People go nuts for us. You could get a buyer.

ANITA
I don't think you understand finance.

Reggie gets up to leave.

REGGIE
You know your oldest kid looks like a fag to me. You better get married again cuz he'll have somebody's cock in his mouth before you can say jack rabbit.

He slams the door behind him.

123 and 124 OMITTED 123 and 124

125 INT. REGGIE'S CAR - AFTERNOON 125

Stunned by events mumbling to himself and in general freaking out, Reggie flips on the radio to hear Jim Carr, the jock-sniffing radio announcer, chatting up the Chiefs and the upcoming championship game. Reggie turns his car into the steep hill which descends into the horrible city of Charlestown.

CARR (v.o.)
Killer, are you worried that Syracuse stickman Tim 'Doctor Hook' McCracken will be seeking revenge tonight?

CARLSON (v.o.)
(modestly)
No Jim, because when the going gets tough, the tough get going.

126 INT. RADIO BOOTH 126

CARR
I was watching some kids play hockey the other day, five and six-year-olds, just little mites, and this one little kids says to the other, 'I'm Killer Carlson' and then he picked up his little stick and just creamed the other kid. How does that make you feel, Dave?

CARLSON
Well, you know, Jim, to me that little kid probably woulda done that anyways because of bad upbringing in the home or whatever.

CARR
That's very interesting, Dave.

CARLSON
If I can be serious for a minute, Jim. I just wanta say that no matter how this game turns out tonight, I owe all that I am to Reggie Dunlop, our coach, who's had the greatest influence on me aside from the Swami Baha, whose positive thinking records have been a great help to me.

CARR
Positive thinking records?

126 CONTINUED 126

CARLSON
Yes, Jim, they're available at any religious record store and, you know, I know that thousands of people in Charlestown have lost their jobs with the mill closing, and I see them walking around the streets depressed all the time. I just wanta say that you unemployed folks can get a whole new lease on life from these records. You can erase everything from your mind and nothing will bother you any more and you can just go out there and cream that other guy in your business life.

Carlson has taken one of the records and puts it on the turntable -- and unctuous Indian accent comes out.

127 INT. REGGIE'S CAR 127

SWAMI (v.o.)
Be one with the universe. Allow your mind to become the detached observer. Nothing is important. Do not worry. Be happy.

REGGIE
(depressed)
Oh, Jesus. What a fuckin' night-mare.

He turns off the radio, pulls the car over to the side and rests his head on the wheel a moment. Then he reaches a decision, backs up and turns off on a side road. (X)

127-A EXT. BRADEN CABIN - AFTERNOON 127-A

Reggie pulls up in front of a cabin set back a hundred yards from the road. Reggie walks up to the cabin, knocks on the door, no answer, peers in the windows, postgraduate funk and nobody home. There are dishes lying around inside.

REGGIE
(calling out)
Ned! Ned!

No answer. There appears to be no one around but Reggie has suddenly caught a glimpse of -- a tall figure stomping through the woods next to the house. Reggie is running into the woods, shouting after the figure.

CONTINUED

127-A CONTINUED 127-A

REGGIE
(screaming)
Ned, you can come back, you can do anything you like. It's all over. I don't give a shit. We're going for the stinkin' championship, man. It's the last fucking night. You don't have to fight if you don't want to, Ned. It's up to you, man. (X)

Nothing.

REGGIE
(shouting)
I've had it with this show biz crap. I don't know what hit me but as I'm driving over here, I says to myself, 'Who cares about Florida? Screw the sale. It's not worth the price.' You were right, Ned. And we're gonna win the fuckin' championship tonight fair 'n' square. And it's gonna be that old time hockey. None of this wrestling shit. I want you to be there. We could play the game of our lives tonight, Ned. We could be flying. Remember that feeling?

There is nothing but the silence of the woods. Discouraged, Reggie heads back toward the car. Suddenly, he remembers something else.

REGGIE
(shouting)
Ned, Lily's been at my place. She's terrific. We've been having a helluva time.

Reggie gets into his Mustang.

128 OMITTED 128

128-A EXT. WAR MEMORIAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 128-A

Reggie pulls his Mustang into the parking lot. The Charlestown fans already waiting in the parking lot are dressed for blood. The big championship. Obscene signs showing their hatred of the enemy, their adulation of the Chiefs, outlandish costumes, crazy hats, beer bottles gripped like weapons. A uniformed policeman, his cap on backwards, is twirling his revolver on one finger, while chug-a-lugging a Stroh's beer. Fans are pouring whiskey into their beer cans.

CONTINUED

128-A CONTINUED 128-A

as Reggie walks toward the home team entrance. The ambulance wails around the corner, the driver waving at Reggie.

REGGIE
(loathing)
Oh Christ.

128-B INT. CHIEFS' LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 128-B

Reggie enters the locker room -- out of breath and late. In anticipation of victory, someone has decorated the room in toilet paper. The foxy Sparkle Twins (and Billy Charlebois) are sprawled -- on the massage table, gripping their ever-present Instamatics. Killer Carlson is wearing eye makeup and an earring. The Hansens are beating up the soda machine. Reggie watches the scene, somber.

REGGIE
(to the twins)
Beat it.

They look at him, startled.

REGGIE
Go on. Get out of here.

They leave, giggling. The team looks at Reggie, puzzled by his mood.

UPTON
Where's Braden?

REGGIE
Death in the family. Somebody passed away.

AHERN
Who?

REGGIE
His mother.

AHERN
Yeah?

REGGIE
She's been sick for years.

CARLSON
(getting depressed)
Yeah?

JACK
We're gonna win for Braden's mom tonight, guys.

CONTINUED

128-B CONTINUED 128-B

JEFF
Yessirree!

STEVE
Ned's dead mom.

JACK
She's in heaven!

CARLSON
(to Upton)
I thought he benched Braden.

UPTON
Yeah, but that was before he heard about his mom.

CARLSON
Right, I forgot.

REGGIE
We are criminals. We are goons.

JEFF
(cheery)
That's us.

REGGIE
We deserve to be in jail.

Reggie is getting confused looks from various Chiefs -- but the Hansens are still raring to go.

STEVE
Get 'em.

REGGIE
I've been a fool.

JEFF
(concerned)
Not Reg.

REGGIE
We're followers, lead by the nose.

Outside, the stomping in the area is growing louder. Reggie gestures toward the noise.

REGGIE
They're followers. And you know what that makes all of us?

CONTINUED

128-B CONTINUED - 2 128-B

JEFF
(trying)
Chiefs?

REGGIE
(enunciating)
No. Sheep.

STEVE
Get 'em.

REGGIE
(speaking slowly, looking right at the Hansens)
Reg was wrong.

JEFF
(pitiful)
Nail 'em?

Ned has entered but Reggie doesn't see him yet.

REGGIE
Nope. No more nail 'em. Nail 'em is finished. We're gonna win this one fair 'n' square. Old time hockey. The long tradition of Dit Clapper, Toe Blake, Eddie Shore, The Soviet Union. Old time hockey.

The Hansens are soundlessly, dementedly mouthing the words "Old time hockey".

JACK
Ned's back, Reg.

STEVE
(stage whisper)
Poor Ned.

JEFF
His mom --
(he can't bear to say the fatal word)

Reggie quickly puts his fingers to his lips suggesting they be discreet.

JACK
(to Ned)
We're doing it for her, Ned. Old time hockey.

CONTINUED

128-B CONTINUED - 3 128-B

Braden gives the Hansens his scum bag stare. Without a word to anyone he begins to dress for the game.

REGGIE
(addressing the club)
Ned was right. Violence is for suckers. Violence is killing the sport. If things keep going this way, hockey players will be nothing but actors, punks. We can't let that happen. (X)

129 INT. WAR MEMORIAL ARENA - NIGHT 129

The crowd is waiting for the two teams to make their entrances. One section of the stands is filled with people holding snow shovels. The crowd is screaming "Let's go!".

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
(laughing)
Ladies and gentlemen, our national anthem.

The organist with the Charlestown High Band as a backup is blaring out the Chiefs' theme song, an original composition, "You Stink", which goes something like this: You stink, I said you stink, you stink so baaaad.

McGrath, looking confident and ebullient and smoking a cheap cigar, is sitting with eight middle-aged men in top coats, felt hats, and note pads. Bedlam as the Chiefs skate piously to their bench.

REGGIE
(gazing up at the stands)
They love us.

Now the Syracuse team is making their entrance. Syracuse has recruited for the occasion the worst retired goons in the history of the Federal League: (X)

ANNOUNCER (X)
Playing for Syracuse, Ross, 'Maddog' Madison, defense....

Madison, tired, old and awful skates out.

UPTON
(paling) (X)
Jesus, I thought he'd been suspended for life.

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED 129

ANNOUNCER
-- Clarence 'Big Chief' Swamptown, center....

Swamptown, a full blooded Indian with scars that would do credit to a German derelict, skates on...The Chiefs are appalled.

ANNOUNCER
-- Andre Sussier, defense....

Sussier, with a neck like a leg, skates on the ice.

AHERN
Where did they get them?

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
And from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan where he now runs a do-nut shop, Number Four, the former penalty minute holder of the Federal League, Gilmore Tuttle!

Tuttle skates to the Syracuse bench; he carries his stick over his shoulder like a shovel. The Chiefs are in shock.

The Syracuse Captain, Tim "Dr. Hook" McCracken (the player upon whose head Reggie had placed a bounty earlier) is wearing a black cape; he is making little Z signs in the air with his hockey stick. McCracken, sneering and laughing, skates over to the Chiefs' bench, leaps four feet into the air, clicking his blades in Reggie's face.

REGGIE
(staring at Syracuse)
Wrestlers.

The last Syracuse man on the ice has a blond afro; he is about 21 and there is no expression in his eyes and not a tooth in his head.

UPTON
Oh Jesus. They let him out.

DROUIN
I don believe dis.

CARLSON
Ogilthorpe.

AHERN
Oggie.

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED - 2 129

The crowd is going berserk.

REGGIE
(oblivious)
Let's go, guys.

130 INT. CHIEFS' ARENA 130

The Hansens are trying to play what they have conceived to be old time hockey, no violence, pure sport. Jack Hansen is faced off with McCracken who has taken eighteen Bennies.

MC CRACKEN
(to Jack)
They don't call me Dr. Hook for nothing. I'm gonna carve you like a turkey. I'm gonna operate.

130-A INT. CHIEFS' ARENA 130-A

The Chiefs are getting slaughtered on the ice. Syracuse is not so much interested in scoring as in creaming the Chiefs. The imported goons are wreaking havoc while the Chiefs are trying to play straight. In the stands McGrath is screaming at them, the men with him look disgusted. The fans are outraged.

JACK
(screaming; his eyes shut tight)
Eddie Shore. The Soviet Union. Rocket Richard. Old time hockey.

McCracken sucker punches him. Jack makes an exaggerated gesture of turning the other cheek.

131 INT. CHIEFS' ARENA 131

The score is 0-0, Reggie is out of it. He is barely noticing that Syracuse is slaughtering his men. Oggie Ogilthorpe is jumping up and down like a gorilla on the Syracuse bench.

OGILTHORPE
(screaming)
Kill, maim, kill, kill, ha ha.

The horn blows ending the period. In the stands McGrath hurries down the aisle.

131-A INT. CHIEF'S LOCKER ROOM BETWEEN PERIODS 131-A

The Chiefs are a horrible mess. Jack Hansen is examining the front teeth he holds in his hand. Braden is staring transfixed at the floor, so that his nose won't bleed on his uniform.

REGGIE
(absurd)
Let's go guys. Let's get that speed. Eyes open. Better passing. Better passing. This is a big period for us.

JACK
(trying to be positive)
Old time hockey!

Denis LeMieux who has resisted 108 shots on goal in twenty minutes is climbing into his locker; he has not removed his mask.

DENIS
Non, non, non, non....

Billy Charlebois is staring horrified at the black eye on his gorgeous face.

UPTON
I'm too fuckin' old to be playing this way.

REGGIE
Come all the way back with that winger. Let's go. Tonight's the night.

BRADEN
(mumbling)
Awful. Awful. Awful.

Killer Carlson is in shock; he is also bleeding.

CARLSON
(quietly)
I gotta call the Swami.

Joe McGrath in the worst White Rabbit suit of his long miserable life has run into the locker room.

REGGIE
More co-ordination. I want to see more co-ordination.

CONTINUED

131-A CONTINUED 131-A

MC GRATH
(shrieking)
We're losing!

BRADEN
Ah, the subtlety of this man.

MC GRATH
They're burying us alive!

REGGIE
(ignoring McGrath)
I want a big rally. Big rally.

McGrath is jumping up and down next to Reggie -- trying to get his attention.

JEFF
Eddie Shore....

McGrath is hyperventilating, wringing his fat wrist.

132 thru 138-A OMITTED 132 thru 138-A

138-A-1 CORRIDOR - ARENA 138-A-1

Two women are hurrying into the arena. On close inspection we see it is Francine and a miraculously transformed Lily -- teased hair, lots of makeup, tight dress, fur coat, charm bracelet. The works.

MC GRATH
Piss on Eddie Shore -- You're blowing it! Every scout in the NHL is out there looking for talent, for winners. All my publicity. Years of fashion shows, telethons, Rent-a-Chief -- for nothing!

The dazed expression has left Reggie's eyes. He looks at Braden.

MC GRATH
They came to scout the Chiefs -- the toughest team in the Federal League. Not this bunch of pussys!

JACK
Dit Clapper?

Jeff is trying to be nice to the soda machine by massaging it. Braden is watching Reggie. Nobody else is conscious enough to have taken much notice of McGrath who is stomping out of the locker room.

CONTINUED

138-A-1 CONTINUED 138-A-1

REGGIE
(without missing a beat)
Let's face facts: there's something to be said for the American way. The pioneers. The Bi-Centennial. I know violence has been getting a bad name lately. Why is that? There's nothing fake about retaliation and revenge. They're as old as time itself.

BRADEN
Here we fuckin' go again.

REGGIE
Where would civilization be today without winners?

138-B INT. CHIEFS' ARENA - NIGHT 138-B

A huge brawl is in progress. The Chiefs are killing Syracuse. Oggie Ogilthorpe, happy as a clam, is destroying the penalty box where he has been shackled.

OGGIE
Maim, maim, maim, maim. Ha ha.

Ned Braden is sitting all alone on the Chiefs' bench, his hands folded across his chest. The brawl is brought under control and Reggie flops next to Braden.

BRADEN
No fuckin' way, you old has-been. No fuckin' way.

But someone in the stands has caught Ned Braden's eye. It is Lily Braden. Braden can't believe his eyes. He stares at her transfixed. She waves at him with a dazzling smile. The Upton line comes staggering off the ice and Braden goes over the boards, still staring at Lily, a crazy, spaced smile starting to form.

BRADEN
Oh no.

He skates slowly onto the ice, as the line starts a faceoff, staring up at his wife, slowly peels off one glove and tosses it suggestively into the audience. McCracken breaks the face-off giving Braden an evil stare. Now Braden is throwing his other glove into the stands, peeling off his shirt. McCracken skates over to the referee.

CONTINUED

138-B CONTINUED 138-B

MC CRACKEN
(pointing to Braden)
Make him stop that.

REF
Don't talk to me in that tone of voice.

MC CRACKEN
(to Ref)
Listen, you. I'm protesting this disgusting display.

REF
Protest? Protest, my ass. What d'you think you are -- in college? You don't protest. You play.

MC CRACKEN
(grabs the Ref)
Make him stop it or we're leaving.

REF
Get your paws off me, Scarface.

The crowd is digging Braden as he starts a Dick Bretens routine, stripping off his shirt, whirling it over his head and letting it fly into the audience.

LILY
(applauding)
Take it off! Take it off!

The organ thunders into a strip grind routine.

MC CRACKEN
(beside himself)
Stop him! This is a serious game. This isn't a freak show.

REF
What do you mean a serious game? Huh? What are you talking about? This is hockey.

Braden is stepping out of his shorts, now whirling his garter belt over his head. Lily and Francine are both cheering. Reggie is just enjoying the hell out of it. McCracken has now grabbed the Referee by the shirt.

MC CRACKEN
You're afraid of these perverts, aren't you?

CONTINUED

138-B CONTINUED - 2 138-B

REF
Watch out, punk, you're hitting the tape.

McCracken and the Ref are nose to nose.

MC CRACKEN
Clean up this fuckin' game. Make him stop that.

REF
Who the hell do you think you are?

Braden's suspenders are sailing into the stands -- his shoulder pads, knee and shin pads are going, too.

REF
I'll give you ten seconds to get in that fuckin' face-off circle, or you forfeit.

MC CRACKEN
(to Ref)
Forfeit, my ass!
(slugs the Ref)

REF
That's it. Get out!

The Ref is screaming "Get out, get out" over and over as he skates to what's left of the scorer's box and emerges with the huge Lakeland Trophy.

BRADEN
(screaming)
My fan club meets in a phone booth.

Clad only in his jock strap, Braden is skating triumphantly around the ice.

REF
(to Reggie)
Here ya go, ya bum!

The Ref is shoving the Lakeland Trophy at Reggie as the War Memorial Arena erupts into mayhem, dead chickens and rabbits thrown on the ice, air horns, pitched snow shovels. One of the Hansens is slamming at the trophy with his stick. The Chiefs have won the championship.

BRADEN
(screaming)
My fan club meets in a phone booth.

139 EXT. CHARLESTOWN STREET - NEXT MORNING 139

The victory parade. Charlestown has gone berserk -- the pandemonium of a one-horse town figuring itself to be the birthplace of champions. Reggie, Braden (still in his jock strap) and Lily (still the Francine look alike) are seated on the back of an open used Volkswagen Rabbit -- waving, smiling at the crowds.

Wanchuk, Ahern and Carlson are sitting on a float -- necking with Miss Charlestown and her court. The streets are lined with cheering people. The three Hansens have a float of their own. The motif is a huge pair of eyeglasses. (X)

Reggie has spied an old beat-up Mercury fighting the parade in the opposite direction -- a U-Haul (chock full of furniture) hitched to its stern. Reggie jumps off his used convertible to talk to the driver.

REGGIE
(out of breath)
You leaving?

FRANCINE
(exasperated)
What do you think I'm doing with the U-Haul?

REGGIE
(elated)
Francine, I've got some great news. (X)

FRANCINE
(gesturing toward the U-Haul)
Listen, I'm getting charged by the hour for this thing.

REGGIE
The Minnesota Night Hawks -- I'm gonna coach 'em. The Big Apple.

FRANCINE
Someone's playing a practical joke on you, honey.

He reaches into his jivey leather suit and waves a letter at her.

FRANCINE
(sighing)
Reggie, I'm holding up traffic.

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED

REGGIE
The Chiefs are history but the minute I get to Minnesota I'm gonna send for all these guys. We're a solid act. This is the start of something very big. (X)

In the b.g., a Girl Scout group is presenting Lily Braden with a bouquet of roses.

LILY
Hi, Francine.

FRANCINE
Hey, honey.

Francine turns back to Reggie and starts the engine of her used Mercury.

REGGIE
You don't have my number.

Francine smiles: she's always had his number.

REGGIE
(quickly)
You can always call me care of the team. You may need money. Maybe things won't work out. We gotta lotta years between us, Francine. Some hard miles.

FRANCINE
I know.

On that one phrase, Reggie has caught a glimmer of hope but just behind them an irate fan has begun to honk his horn.

REGGIE
Shut up, you fuckin' fathead.

FRANCINE
I've gotta go.

REGGIE
You do? Well, you could always come up to Minneapolis if things don't work out. Remember -- the Night Hawks.

FRANCINE
Bye, Reggie.

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED - 2 139

REGGIE
(whispering to her)
I could make a fortune.

Francine is smiling her mysterious detached smile. She reaches out and strokes his cheek. The April sun has caught her lacquered nails. Francine is waving good-bye.

Reggie clambers back on the float carrying Braden and Lily.

LILY
Is she coming?

REGGIE
(grins, confident) (X)
For sure.

140 EXT. CHARLESTOWN - DAY 140

In the distance, Francine and her U-Haul have hit the horizon (the upward trail out of Charlestown). Reggie (waving) and Lily and Braden (embracing) cruise through Charlestown in their open car. The other Chiefs float nearby.

THE END